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ERE TO-MORROW'S TWILIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

Long ere to-morrow's twilight comes, with sombre robe of gray,
Like to a Penitential nun, I shall have passed away;
No more my lips shall press thy cheek, no more my eyes with life
Shall give returning glances to my lonely, widowed wife.

Ah! how my boyish heart loved once, nor hath it changed since then—
That hour, the happiest of my life, within the starlit glen,
You whispered low: "My love is yours, I pledge it you for life,"
And yet to-morrow's twilight, love, shall greet my widowed wife.

Although a child that rapturous night, and I myself scarce more,
You'll own each year hath made that love much stronger than before;
And, though our faith we plighted then to never part for life,
The hastening twilight breaks the bond and makes a widowed wife.

Gray clouds are in the evening sky, the snow-flakes spread the stream,
Whose frozen bosom silently reflects the sunset's gleam;
Ice-crested trees, that glow and burn with golden power be-rife,
Shall darken with the twilight's shade above my widowed wife.

Then come, my love, and kiss away the chilling blasts of death;
And kiss the children also, pray; I cannot hear their breath—
A year ago we had no thought to part so soon in life—
Good bless you all—I feel his hand—Good-night, my widowed wife!

STELLA NEWTON;

OR,

LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Then I saw, as in a vision,
The whole world stretching with eager hands
Towards a mystic figure, holly-crowned and rubicund,
Which, from its torch, scattered on all the earth
The fires of love and plenty.
It was the Spirit of Christmas!

Christmas was approaching. You knew it from a thousand signs and tokens besides the remarkably distinct intimation of the calendar, with its "25th of December" in red letters and its "Christmas Day" in old English type.

Old men knew it, for they shook their heads and grumbled at the cold and the weather. Young men knew it, and they smiled at forthcoming evening parties and friendly suppers.

Young women knew it, and joined the young men in anticipation of balls and other opportunities of love-making; and the schoolboys knew it, and smacked their lips as dreams of plum-pudding, pantomimes and Christmas boxes disturbed the last few remaining days of their school term.

Others knew it, to whom the approaching time of merry-making, of peace on earth and good-will towards men, brought no visions of happiness and joy to come. The poor shivered at the approach of the jolly king, and remembered that for them were no plum-puddings, very little peace, and but the mockery of good-will.

Some others, higher up in the social scale, were as little pleased at the proximity of the season of rejoicing.

For instance, let us avail ourselves of the novelist's precious privilege, and, taking you, kind reader, with us, enter unseen the library of a grand mansion in Belgravia.

Though we had entered in the orthodox and ordinary way, we should have scarcely been heard, for wealth had spurned luxury to its utmost, and the feet of the happy mortals who pass the threshold of Sir Richard Wildfang's town house, if they do not tread on roses, Persian fashion, make as little noise traversing the thickly-carpeted hall, and still more luxuriously covered staircase.

Footmen, as silent as the statuary which flank the painted walls, hover to and fro, ready to do Sir Richard's will. Grooms and coachmen linger with hands in their pockets, all on the alert to saddle or harness for him Sir Richard Wildfang's high-bred cattle. The very air seems forced into his special service, for it is perfumed by the faintest effluvia of a Persian-scented lamp, which burns day and night—its small flame shut from view—in the upper corridor.

From this and a hundred other signs forced upon the notice of the least observant, it might be presumed that the owner of all this was a man of modern Sybarite—a voluptuary and a lotos-eater of the latest approved fashion.

Let us look at him. We find that Sir Richard is young, handsome—stay, is there much of the beautiful in his compact head, dark, thick hair and expressive eyes? Is not the beard a trifle too sleek, the hair a little too dark, and the eyes somewhat more restless and evading than those features should be to reach the standard of beauty?

It is a mooted question. Some of his friends said that Sir Richard was handsome; others declared that his face lacked frankness; and his eyes, especially, that bold, open look which Englishmen and Englishwomen prize. Sir Richard himself thought—ah! there again; was there any man living who knew exactly what Sir Richard thought on any subject?

On many he said a great deal. Indeed, Sir Richard, for a young man, was wonderfully fluent and wordy, had fine phrases and a renowned eloquence ready on the shortest notice; but perhaps those cynics were not far wrong who declared that all Sir Richard's words were but decoy-ducks or nest-sharers, used either to learn other people's thoughts or conceal his own.

Sir Richard came of an old family—Wildfang the Merciless came over with William the Robber—and Sir Richard had added to his lineage a large amount o fwealth—at least, so report says, and everybody knows that report never prevaricates. He was the owner of great merchantmen, the promoter of gigantic monetary schemes, the proprietor of several snug things, each, so it was believed, worth a fortune in itself. His name was well known and respected on 'Change, and his mercantile honor irreproachable. Of the honor which characterized his private life and pleasures people never troubled themselves to inquire.

Sir Richard was a young man and wealthy, and that was enough for the Belgravia mammas and their marriageable daughters also. Had they inquired into Sir Richard's life, ten chances to one they would have found it blameless—rumor seldom settles, raven of ill luck as it is, on the head of prosperous man.

"Sir Richard was an eminently liberal, benevolent, right-thinking gentleman," said the world; and who, upon examining his banker's book, would have said otherwise?

"Man has two characters," says Talleyrand,—"the one he shows to his friends, and the other which he reserves for himself."

Let us see Sir Richard in both.

In the library, or Sir Richard's own room, as it was called, he himself was always writing and reading. There was a goodly supply of books; there were maps on elaborate stands; there were screens to shut out the draught and to shade the light. A fire burnt brightly in the ormolu grate; in case its heat should scorch the delicate, olive complexion of Sir Richard, a glass screen of pressed ferns and seaweeds was placed before it. On the mantelpiece were more than one—were exquisite specimens of modern ornamental art. One near him was shaded with a cool, green-glass cover, which threw, notwithstanding its coolness, a rather disagreeable tint upon Sir Richard's face.

But it did not matter. No ladies ever entered that, his business apartment, and few men for whose opinion as to his personal attractions Sir Richard cared.

On the table, an inlaid one, with numberless secret drawers and snug hiding-places, were piles of letters, heaps of account books, and two formidable-looking ledgers. One of the latter lay open before him, and his white hand, upon which scintillated two diamond rings of value, traced the figures down the column, or copied them into a smaller book beneath his other hand.

Sir Richard realized the luxury and comfort with which Sir Richard softened even the hard matters of business?

A gentle knock at the door evoked a sharp

"Come in."

A servant entered.

"Mr. Dewlap, sir."

"He may enter."

The servant stood aside, and allowed a stout, thick-set man, with a pale, careworn face, rendered restless and acute by a pair of keen eyes, to enter.

This was Mr. Dewlap, Sir Richard's confidential man of business, if the title is not a misnomer, Sir Richard reposing confidence in no one.

There was snow on Mr. Dewlap's overcoat, and he paused on the threshold of the superlatively comfortable room to divest himself of the garment.

"A cold night, Sir Richard."

"Ah!" answered his master. "Ah, it snows, I suppose."

"Yes; every prospect of a hard Winter," replied Mr. Dewlap in a suppressed, stiff sort of voice, which changed to a graver tone when he next spoke, which was after the servant had left the room, and its answer to Sir Richard.

"You are late; I have been expecting you this last half-hour," he said in a cold, imperious way, that was pretty nigh acute in its feigned calm.

"I am sorry, Sir Richard; but I was kept waiting at Lloyd's."

"Ah! you have been there; well?"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Dewlap, taking the chair towards which Sir Richard had waved his white hand, "I am sorry to bring bad news, sir, but the 'Arethusa' has come to grief; the fearful storm in the Baltic has sent her to port with nine hands lost."

"Nine hands," retorted Sir Richard sharply. "Never mind the hands—the cargo man, the cargo!"

"The cargo, Sir Richard, is entirely ruined."

Sir Richard leant back, and raised his hand to his face. It grew pale; or did the sickly green shade produce that unpleasant hue?

"All spoilt," he repeated. "Dearly bought, and only half insured. Bad news indeed."

"I regret, Sir Richard, I deeply regret," said Mr. Dewlap in still graver tones and with visible reluctance, "to say that there is still worse. I looked in upon Brooks the stock-broker as I passed, seeing a light and hearing voices, and heard that Vincent of Manchester had —— Great Heaven! Sir Richard!"

The man rose and leant forward in alarm. Sir Richard had fallen back in his chair with his face deadly white—it was not the lamp this time—and his teeth clenched as if he were near death. As Mr. Dewlap approached him, he waved him back with his hand, raised himself as if with an effort, and, brave to the last, with that courage which bad men share with heroes, looked his man full in the face.

"I beg your pardon; a sudden faintness. I have been writing too long, and overlooked my dinner hour. Don't be alarmed; it has passed. You were saying that Vincent of Manchester ——"

Mr. Dewlap, used as he was to his master's coolness, was too astonished for the moment to continue.

"I hope, Sir Richard, I was not too sudden; I ——"

"You forget," said Sir Richard with a wan smile; "you have told me nothing yet. Has anything happened to Vincent of Manchester?"

"They have failed, Sir Richard."

"Failed!" Sir Richard repeated with a shrug of his eyebrows. "That is bad for us, Dewlap. Have the goodness to hand me that Day Book No. 3."

Mr. Dewlap fetched the book from a shelf, and Sir Richard opened it and examined a page; his hand was so raised while he did it that his face was hidden from his confidential clerk. There were great drops of cold perspiration upon his white forehead, and one bead fell upon the open book He shut it quietly, calmly, and handed it back.

"Very bad, but not so bad as I thought. Anything else?"

"No, Sir Richard. Here's is the day's account and the pass-book. Are there any letters?"

"Only these; nothing of importance."

"Then I may go, Sir Richard?"

"Yes; good-night."

Mr. Dewlap returned the salutation with all respect and reached the door.

Sir Richard called him back.

"Dewlap."

"Yes, Sir Richard."

"I forgot to caution you—not a word about the Arethusa or Vincent."

Mr. Dewlap looked offended.

"It is not likely, Sir Richard."

"Just so; the caution was not needed. By the way, did you obtain that copy of Daniel Newton's will?"

He put the question carelessly, and turned to the ledger as he spoke; but there was a restless impatience in his averted eyes that belied his indifference.

"Yes, Sir Richard; you will find the draft among the papers. The whole of the money is left to Stella Newton, unconditionally."

"Ah, I shall find it here. Thank you. Good-night."

The door closed, Mr. Dewlap was gone, and Sir Richard was alone.

Then the mask fell. The chair was pushed back, and the man, in that character which he reserves for himself, stood upright.

Look at the face now, and you will not call it handsome. It has dark lines of rage and despair; cruel curves round the mouth, and a cat-like gleam in the eye.

With his white hands clasping each other behind his back, he strode to and fro.

"The Arethusa cargo spoiled, Vincent gone, and the bank near its last gasp! In the name of the fiend, I am ruined! Oh, if I could live these last six months over again, how differently would I use them! Rash idiot, not to be content. I might have guessed that Daniel would turn upon me and betray me. Heavens! I cannot realize it! —Sir Richard Wildfang—ruined! No!" and his hands clenched each other like wild animals. "I will not realize it! No! All is not lost while there is a plank to hold together. Fifty thousand pounds would save me. I could hold on for three months, for one or three, perhaps, if I were sure of the lump at the end. And, by Heavens, I will be! Where is the will? 'Unconditionally,' he said. Where is the will?"

He turned to the table, and, with impatient fingers and darkly overcast face, scattered the papers in search for the copy which Mr. Dewlap had spoken of.

A knock at the door. He turned with the aspect of a wolf:

"Come in."

"Lord Marmion."

In an instant the lines had gone, and the face was smiling, pleasant, careless, and almost handsome. He turned with outstretched hand, and grasped that of his visitor.

"My dear Marmion, delighted! Come in. Surely you did not walk; how hard it must be snowing to catch you so in a minute!"

All this while the footman was removing the visitor's coat, and, at last free of it, he entered the room. Lord Marmion was a contrast to Sir Richard. He was short, fair, genial and frank as a boy of fifteen. He seated himself in a chair, and eyed the room with a pleasant, approving smile.

"So this is your business den, is it, Wildfang? I should think the drawing-room of which myself, if I were allowed to do it in such comfortable quarters. Why, it's a bachelor's paradise. Ah, ah! no wonder you don't let fellows come up here; they'd always want to come, and so interfere with business. Well, how are you?"

"Capital. I am always well," replied Sir Richard, falling into an easy-chair opposite that one of his guest, and looking at him with an easy, genial smile. "And you are, too, to judge from your appearance?"

"Oh, I'm always well. But I dare say you wonder what brought me here?"

"Curiosity, perhaps; an impulse of friendship, I hope," said Sir Richard, rising and walking to a cabinet. "A glass of sherry—Amontillado—I shipped it myself;" and with a nod of emphasis he poured some into two glasses.

"Thanks," said his lordship, sipping the wine; "but, I say, you haven't answered my question, and, as I don't suppose you can, I'll tell you. I've come on business."

"Really," responded Sir Richard with polite astonishment. "Then you had the right of admission after all. And pray what is the business?"

"Well," said the young lord, looking at the wine and then at his companion with a frank and amused smile, "you know old Newton—pretty Stella Newton's father?"

"I've heard of pretty Stella Newton, as you call her."

"Ah, yes; everyone has," said his lordship. "She is the only beautiful girl I know, and that's a fact."

"Rather hard upon the rest of her sex. But go on."

"Well, it's a rum thing, you know, but I'm Miss Newton's guardian—trustee. What do you call it?"

"Call it what you please, but go on, and I shall understand you."

"Well," continued Lord Marmion, "her father, old Daniel, was my governor's head man—a sort of business adviser, and that sort of thing—and my governor was very fond of him. Now, old Daniel I call him so because that was the name he used to go by when I was in the nursery—old Daniel made a lot of money—speculating, and when he died he left me executor. Of course he asked my consent, or my father's, I don't know which; but anyhow I'm the executor and Stella Newton's trustee."

Sir Richard refilled his glass, raised it to his lips, and, looking over it with a curious expression, nodded.

"I understand," he said; "an onerous post, if Miss Newton has much money."

"That's it; you've just hit it," said the young lord, slapping his leg. "Now, this money has been in my hands some time, and I've taken no trouble about it, but they tell me I ought to invest it. I don't know what they mean, and I hate going to the lawyers about it, because they are such old women, and worry my life out into the bargain. Well, I thought the matter over, and remembered you. Of course you are the very man to help me. You're the best business man in the world—every one says so—and you'll know what to do with the money."

Sir Richard Wildfang's heart throbbed as if it were a wild beast caged in his bosom.

Was it possible that the fiend had flown to his aid, and sent this boy to play into his hands?

He raised the glass again and smiled.

"Passing your compliment, my dear Marmion, with a simple 'Thank you,' let me go on to say that you are reposing great trust in me."

"Of course; why shouldn't I?" said Lord Marmion. "You must trust somebody, and I'd trust you against all the world. Come, don't let's bore ourselves to death over the affair. Take the money and invest it. You know how to do that well enough. Will you do it?"

"I will do anything to oblige you, my dear Marmion," said Sir Richard warmly. "I will."

"Well, business is over, and now I must be off. By the way, I don't think you know Stella Newton?"

"I have met her, but never spoken to her," replied Sir Richard.

"I'll ask her mother to send you a card for her next 'at-home,'" said Lord Marmion. "Good-bye, my dear fellow, good-bye, and thank you—thank you very much."

"Good-bye, and don't mention it," said Sir Richard.

The door closed upon the trusting youth, and Sir Richard fell into his chair, trembling.

"Luck!" he breathed, "never let me blame you again. Richard Wildfang's luck never deserts him. Ruined! Who says so? Not I, while Stella Newton's fortune is in my grasp, and she is alive to make it my own. Everybody knows her, do they? The most beautiful woman in London! Richard, your work is cut out for you. Stella Newton and her fortune must be yours."

LOVE'S CHRISTMAS.

"I would, rather than sell myself to the highest bidder, marry the first passer-by—aye, even that man on the other side of the road."

Another knock. His face composed itself into its business calm again.

"Come in."

It was a letter. Sir Richard took it delicately. The envelope was crumpled and dirty; the address was badly written in a shaking, uncertain hand. Sir Richard looked at it questioningly, and slowly opened it.

Once more, for the second time this evening, he has almost shown his emotion. He arose with a muttered imprecation as the letter dropped in his hand. It was a short, simple, and, to a heart not entirely stone, touching.

DEAR, DEAR RICHARD.—I have found you at last. Oh! how could you leave me so cruelly when I love you so fondly, so truly? Richard, I am ill unto death, and starving. If you ever loved me, have pity on me now and save me. LUCY.

His thin lips compressed themselves tightly, and he turned with an amused gravity to the servant.

"Who brought this—this begging letter? If the person should come again, have her removed from the door. I know nothing of her."

And as the servant, bowing low, retired, he flung the letter with a cruel laugh into the glowing fire. Lucy, whoever those art, better for thee to trust in the mercy of the snow and the rain: Richard Wildfang knows none!

CHAPTER II.

Marriage is a lottery in which
The rich would buy the prize
And leave the poor the blanks;
But Cupid, not the king, spring Justice, sometimes spurns
All filthy lucre. AUSTEN.

"My dear Stella, circumstances alter cases!"

The speaker was Mrs. Newton, the person addressed was her daughter Stella, upon whose beauty Lord Marmion had passed so decided an encomium, and the scene was the small drawing-room of Mrs. Newton's villa at Hyde-park Corner.

As a slight pause followed the lady's enunciation of a well-known axiom, we will fill it by remarking that Mrs. Newton was a very pious lady, good at heart, but of lofty ambition, whose sole aim and object in life was to see her daughter Stella well married.

Mrs. Newton came from a trading stock; her husband, whom Lord Marmion had spoken of as old Daniel, was one of her own kith and kin, and when Mrs. Newton was endeavoring to impress upon her daughter the necessity of a solemn watchfulness of the main matrimonial chance.

Stella Newton justified Lord Marmion's laudation. She was—stay; call to your mind, reader, that superb portrait of the Spanish orange-girl, which Murillo has painted, and add to the look-by books say, a dash of Sir Peter Lely's picture of a countess, and you have a fair idea of Stella Newton's outward appearance. Her inner portrait she shall herself, in her own words and actions, reveal.

At the moment of her introduction she was seated in an attitude of easy, negligent grace upon a blue satin fauteuil; in her hands was a half-closed book, in her lap was curled a Moravian pug. She smiled thoughtfully, almost daringly, and glanced at her image as it was reflected in one of the numerous mirrors with which the room was studded.

"Mamma, I have heard that before so often that I begin to doubt it. Say that feelings alter cases, and I will respond readily enough. Tell me plainly, mamma, why I should think of marrying Lord Marmion before he has himself ever said a word on the subject?"

Mrs. Newton shook her tatting and her head at the same moment.

"Stella, you are really incorrigible! Lord Marmion is too well-bred a nobleman to speak out like a common—er—er ——"

"Sweep," suggested Stella, with arch sweetness.

"Gentleman," continued Mrs. Newton. "You must judge from the actions, from such apparent trifles as his manner when he meets you, or says good-bye, or hands you a fan, or, in fact, does any one of the usual politenesses for you. Does he blush when he shakes hands with you?"

"Never," emphatically repeated the beautiful girl, with a merry twinkle of the deep, lustrous eyes.

"Well, then, that is a sign that he thinks more deeply than most men," retorted the worldly-minded woman with quick promptness. "Does he lower his voice when he talks?"

"No, mamma," said the girl, stung to irony. "He neither whispers nor shouts in particular, but talks as a sensible young gentleman should. He does not put his hat in the umbrella-stand and his umbrella on his head, or stumble over the door-mat when he comes. He doesn't flush or turn green when I ask him how the countess is; and in fact he shows no symptom at all as a man about to that Stella Newton is no more to him than the daughter of the man in the moon."

She threw the unfortunate pug with a suddenness highly detrimental to his health on the wolf-skin hearth-rug, and rose to her full height. Very beautiful she looked as she stood, half-fronting her match-making mamma, a faint flush on her clear olive cheek, a sparkle of satire and defiance in her full eyes.

"Then, my dear, it behoves you to be extremely careful, if Lord Marmion is not already in love with you, it's time he was."

"Why?" asked the girl, turning to confront the mother, with distended nostrils and a ring of the voice that denoted the possession of pride and courage, as well as beauty. "Why? I am not in love with him."

"My dear Stella!" exclaimed Mrs. Newton, much shocked. "How extremely abrupt and rude that sounds! Not in love with Lord Marmion? My dear girl, you should not speak so loud. Lord Marmion has sixty thousand a year, and his peerage dates back as Adam's—to tenancy of Eden, and possessed the Golconda mines—I would not marry him! No, though he is young, handsome, and honorable, I would, rather than sell myself to the highest bidder, marry the first passer-by—aye, even that man on the other side of the road."

In her energy she raised her long, slender hand, and to emphasize her declaration pointed to an individual who was passing at that moment, as she said, on the other side of the way.

As it was no doubt decreed, the individual so plainly indicated happened to raise his eyes, and in doing so caught the sense of the outstretched finger, pulled up in his long-striding walk and stared at the exquisite picture which the girl made, painted, as it were, on the satin-curtained window.

She saw him stop, and she looked more intently. Their eyes met, and on the heart of each was impressed the memory of a face which death alone could efface.

What the man saw was a girl, in the exquisite freshness of her wondrous beauty, standing in the attitude which the righteous indignation had inspired, and which a painter might have gloried in. What she saw was the stalwart figure of a man, also in the bloom of youth, but with something of its freshness gone. She saw a face still in yet delicate, two soft, dark, yet searching eyes, a brow chiseled faintly with the lines of thought or intellect, and a mouth as delicately and as softly moulded as an Italian's.

She took all this in at a glance—even more, noticed that the figure was carelessly dressed in a loose, well-worn black-velvet jacket, and that it was crowned by a soft, foreign-looking hat. There was no time for more, the minute had passed, the stranger had discovered that the pointed forefinger was not intended as a signal for him, and, with a droop of the handsome head, had gone on his way.

Infinitely wonderful is the human heart. At that moment flashed through the soul of the beautiful girl one distinct, softly-fleeting regret; she might never see that face again! She knew the fire had died out of her eyes, her body was lithe and languid, and she listened to a wordy remonstrance of her mother's in almost abstracted silence. At last Mrs. Newton concluded:

"Tell me, Stella, how many offers of marriage have you had?"

"I do not know," replied the girl wearily. "Two, three, five, six—I do not remember. Does it matter? I had your commands to refuse all of them."

"Exactly," said the astute mamma. "And like an obedient girl you followed your mother's advice. Wait patiently, my dear Stella; the hour of triumph will come. I know Lord Marmion has paid you some extraordinary attentions, and that he is serious in them. The time will come, and I shall see you Countess of Dovewell!"

Stella was silent, disgusted with the subject.

"Must I not dress now?" she asked. "Have we not a dinner party to night?"

"Of course. Have you forgotten it?" said Mrs. Newton. "How forgetful you are, my dear Stella. Lord Marmion dines with us to-night, and brings that eccentric Richard Wildfang with him."

"Does he?" said the girl indifferently, as, with slow, graceful step, she left the room. "And who may Sir Richard Wildfang be?"

One of the richest and most influential men in London. I am surprised, my dear, that you have never heard him. He is a most particular friend of his lordship, and I hope, my dearest Stella, you will not be so absent-minded as you sometimes are, but will endeavor to amuse him."

The proud girl smiled, alas! almost bitterly.

"Amuse him," she repeated to her rebellious heart, "amuse him! As if I were an actor paid to kill time and raise a laugh upon their cynical faces. Oh, my mother! my mother! if you were but a little less worldly and a little more proud!"

It was evening. The lamplighters were running from lamp to lamp, knocking the snow from their feet, that lay like a white cloth in the road and footway. The mansion of Mrs. Newton's house in Park Corner was filled with the soft light of a hundred wax candles; the fire streamed a rosy tint upon the glittering mirrors, the tapestried walls, the varied ornaments of bronze, marble and gold. All was luxury, wealth and splendor.

The butler, ecclesiastical in appearance and magisterial in dignity, stood looking at the artistically laid table with feelings of supreme self-satisfaction. Scintillating glass, bright, shining plate, snowy linen. It was all perfect, delightful to the eye, anticipatory to the palate.

It was a quarter to eight. The guests were due.

In the drawing-room, as magnificent an apartment as the dining-room, was seated the mistress. Pride of the wrong sort was on her face, proclaimed itself in the carriage of her thin, acute face, displayed itself in the very folds of her ostentatious dress. She glanced at the clock with a look of annoyance.

Stella had not made her appearance yet. Lord Marmion and his friend might arrive at any moment, and the beautiful daughter would not be there to receive them.

The rattle of the carriage, muffled by the snow, a knock, the guests had arrived. Lord Marmion entered first, bluff, frank, smiling and boyish.

"My dear Mrs. Newton, how do you do? May I introduce Sir Richard Wildfang?"

The match-making mother courteseled low and with empressement to the richest and most influential man in London. Talking as they went, they took up their position by the fire. Lord Marmion's tongue rattled on. Sir Richard Wildfang joined him in a manner delightfully soft and pleasing.

His eye wandered round the room, taking in the extravagance of the decorations, the magnificence of the furniture. He glanced at the worldly mother, and, so to speak, smiled in his sleeve.

The game was really too easy, the prey too feeble. He saw his road to success plain and facile before him; he saw ——

The door opened, and someone glided in. It was Stella. She paused. Sir Richard stopped and met her eyes. Way did his heart shrink with an expression almost of fear? Why did here fix themselves for an instant on his dark, masterful face, then lower themselves to conceal a sudden dislike and dread?

Face onward, Time, and let forthcoming events reveal how true was woman's instinct, how dastardly was the cowardice of dishonesty.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, love is painted as a boy,
With wicked bow and arrow,
And whoso feels that pretty toy,
Sure, his escape's most narrow!

The lamplighters flitting from Hyde-park Corner carried their illuminations to humbler streets and poorer abodes. One of these lighted a dingy lamp in a street near Soho square, and so threw a garish gleam into the window of a first-floor room, which overlooked—not the pleasant freshness of the park—but a row of other rooms in houses dingy and ugly as its own.

Let us ascend the narrow, ill-lighted stairs, and enter that room. A strange room to one entering as a stranger, an astonishing one. The four walls are painted black, and devoid of ornament. The floor is bare, and, in place of carpet, is covered here and there with the thick powder of marble and stone. A few articles of furniture, all plain and well worn, are crowded to one corner to make room for some other articles, which evidently to the owner of the apartment are of greater importance.

These are life-sized statues, busts, and wood carvings in all stages of progress, from rough-hewn to exquisite finish.

One, a beautiful nymph, rising from a crested wave, stands on a raised dais in the centre of the room, and so arranged that the light falls full upon that portion of the marble where the face will be when its creator shall cut it.

Before the unfinished statue stands a youth whose form might have caught its grace from the lifeless figures around it.

The face is turned from the light, the hands—long, thin and womanly white ones—are hard at work; the sculptor is lost in his dreamland.

Suddenly the chisel faltered in the practiced hand, the mallet was poised with indecision and doubt.

The next instant the tools dropped from the master's hands, and he turned, revealing the same face which had turned inquiringly to the gaze of beautiful Stella Newton.

He pushed his soft, silky hair from his forehead, and looked up at his unfinished work.

"No use; I can do no more to-night, fair nymph; your face must wait, must wait until my disordered and truant fancy can return to thee. What has happened to me to-day? I, Louis Felton, am usually as calm and impassable as my own cold marbles—in fact, I am not well fed enough to have hot blood and a feverish pulse; but to-night I can feel the life's fluid tearing through my veins at race-horse speed, making my hand unsteady and my fancy but a fickle jade that jigs to the pipe of my imagination! And wherefore?—oh, fie upon me for an erratic idiot!—all for a passing glimpse at a girl's beautiful face. Tell me, ye gods of my own creation, have I not seen many? Do I not live in the atmosphere of grace and beauty?"

And he turned with mock homage to his statues, who seemed possessed of life's reason, and appeared to listen with calm interest.

"Ah, but what beauty it was! Not like yours, imperial Juno, though methinks there was a touch of your pride's fire in her eyes; not yours, either, wood nymph Phyllis, though the freshness of forest violet hovered on her cheek; nor yours, oh, Galatea—sea maiden—though the mystic brine of nature's freedom rustled the tresses of her hair and shadowed the glory of her sweet, soft brow!

"O, Louis! shame on thee for an idiot to rave in the presence of yon dead ideals of one living girl, beautiful though she be. What is she to thee? A vision only, in a fashionable window of a fashionable house; a creature of wealth and luxury revelling amidst the clink of gold; a gem set in its fitting of precious silver; a rich young lady, doubtless the daughter of rich parents, who would shudder in their shoes if they knew that their idol's charms were being extolled, even to dead, deaf marble, by the homeless, hungry, penniless elbows scraper, Louis Felton!"

He took up his chisel again, but left the hammer where it was. He could not work; fancy was truant still, and as he stood looking at his nymph, with its uncarved face, he rambled on:

"Penniless? Scarcely that. I have an estate! Ha! ha!" And he laughed a musical, ironical laugh. "An estate of phantom acres, with an old house that would tumble about my ears, so they tell me, if I called my name aloud in it. The sole remnant of a great house and an old name. By Heaven! I am not penniless. I am Louis Felton, Esq., of Heavithorne, squire of half a county where nobody wears a hat and cares less. Oh, I am a great man—if I but knew it—though I earn my living by carving from pitiless marble such poor mockeries of my day-dreams that they but yield me enough of bread and water to sustain this thin and unsubstantial body on."

He struck himself on the chest as he spoke, and laughed again, and though it was a trifle sad it was a pleasant laugh to hear.

Listening to it one would say: "That comes from a true, a kind, and a honest heart," and this one would declare without seeing the face, with its quick, tender, mocking eyes, and its soft, kindly mouth.

"That being so," he continued, "what right had you, base Louis Felton, to glow into ecstacy over the good gifts of a wealthy heiress—we'll say she's an heiress just for argument's sake and to make my ordeal the greater—what right? Why, every right, the right that points forefinger gives you, when it was pointing at me, I'll be sworn. What was she saying? 'Look at that poor man, how tired, how seedy and how disreputable he looks,' and that pitifully.

"No; when I saw her face there were fire, righteous indignation passionate dignity in it—no pity! Why did she point? Bah! Let me to work. Now, nymph, fancy has returned, and is ready to carve thee a nose, a mouth, and a pair of eyes; but of what sort?

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, flushing a bright red and snatching up his mallet, "thou shalt have the face of my beautiful lady. Thou shalt have her eyes, her small lips, her proud brow, and when thou art done, I, Louis Felton, master of tumble-down Heavithorne, miserable sculptor, half-starving solitaire, will point at thee, O nymph! as thy original pointed at me! Come, my powerful mallet, now for her hair!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

KERNELS—FROM A. P. KNUTT.

CRACKED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A DAUGHTER to her mother said:
"'Tis time I now should marry,
And I would like to link my life
To young and wigwam Harry."
"No, never wed," her mother cried,
"But of men keep afraid—
Just follow my example, dear,
And stay a good old maid."

MONEY does not give happiness, but aids towards purchasing some of it.

IF truth inhabits a well, how about that lighted-torch arrangement?

I WOULD sooner hold several "beers" than have one bier hold me.

I HAVE seldom changed opinion or a one-hundred-dollar bill.

WHAT is love? I must give it up, and many people wish they had.

SOME country people imagine that living in a capital makes a man a capitalist.

A MAN need not be strong or muscular to carry his head high.

YOU have fair chances of touching a woman's heart when you have just touched a fair salary.

OUR fat friend is taken ill, and sends for the doctor. The M. D. arrives late, as usual. "Are you on an empty stomach?" "No, doctor; I am on my back." "Have you taken anything to-day?" "Yes, sir; I took a lottery ticket." "Not that, sir; I mean have you anything upon your stomach?" "Yes; I have a mustard plaster." Doctor leaves in disgust, and our friend is cured. Yet some people will send for doctors.

ACCORDING to grammar, words are composed of letters; according to correspondents, letters are composed of words.

WE should never hope. Proof—a young man who was to be married on Saturday noon hung himself on Friday night.

WHEN we change our opinion, it may be said that we dye our convictions.

MANY bankers take the interest of their clients by putting them into their pockets.

A MAN who is base enough to commit suicide loses his right to live in this advanced and civilized age.

A SMOKED ham is better than a smoked cigar.

A CHINESE who beats his wife is a stranger to her pain.

I HAVE always considered sleep as an intermission in the drama of life.

LOVE thy neighbor, but not his wife.

IN THE POLICE COURT.—*Judge.*—"What are you here for? *Prisoner.*—"I don't know, your honor; the policeman picked me up on the street and brought me here."

WE never console ourselves—we forget. It is better.

NEVER reproach a visitor for his silence; but reproach yourself for not displaying sense enough to make him talk.

WE grow in the estimation of others to the height we have elevated them.

ONE of our theatrical managers met a friend on the street yesterday. "Glad, indeed, to meet you," said the friend; "I would like to have a couple of good seats and free tickets for to-morrow night." "Well, my friend," said the manager, "if you had not met me, what should you have done towards what you ask?" "I would have written to you." "Well, good day, old boy, and write to me," said the manager, as he walked off.

Teacher.—What is the principal property of heat? *Student.*—To expand bodies. *Teacher.*—Good! give an example. *Student.*—Yes, sir; when the weather is warm, the days are much longer.

OLD Muscelton was praising the advantages derived from gymnastic exercises. "Nothing better for the health," said he; "they double our strength and prolong our life." "But," said James, "our forefathers knew nothing about gymnastics, and yet ——" "Yes, true; but then they are all dead."

MRS. X. says that her son-in-law is a man of great merit, who can keep silent in seven languages.

"HARD TRIALS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY FRANK DUMONT.

She was sitting directly opposite
The minstrels on the stage—
Her dress was rich and gorgeous,
And her bonnet all the rage;
She smiled at both the "end-men,"
With rosebuds on their coats,
And winked at the clarionette-player,
And made him blow false notes.

The singers sang their sweetest,
And sang for HER alone;
Each time she smiled upon them
They were "sharp" or "flat" a tone.
The bass-player loomed behind them—
His chances seemed the best—
With his bow he made queer signals
Each time he had a "rest."

And then the song-and-dance men
Tripped up against the wings,
Threw "somersaults" and "dip-flaps,"
And did all sorts of funny things;
They, too, perceived her smiling,
And, with movements quick and light,
Fell through the private boxes
And vanished out of sight.

At length the curtain lowered—
All made a rush below;
With towels, soap and water,
The "rivals" were not slow.
Out into the street they hastened—
Nor stopped to laugh and talk—
Their hair uncombed, their faces damp,
Their ears most filled with cork.

And now their hearts do flutter,
In the throng they spy her now;
The "Don Juans" step forward,
And raise their hats to bow;
But a six-foot man approaches—
He salutes this damsel fair,
Who walks off with this fellow,
Leaving all the "mashers" there.

They seem to look contented;
Whistle a well-known tune,
Gaze at the forms receding,
Then at the Wintry moon;
Next look at one another,
And, to escape the "awful guyer,"
They make a bee-line for the house,
And sit around the fire.

THE MIDNIGHT VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"So you believe in metempsychosis, Helen?"

"Not in the strict meaning of the term, perhaps—not that our souls, after death, pass into the body of an animal."

"I wish to goodness it were true, and we could be positive of identity."

"Why, Mabel?"

"Because we could then revenge ourselves upon our enemies with little chance of retaliation. There are some souls that, if in a horse, for instance, and I the owner, would certainly pay dear for the deeds done in the human body."

"What an idea!"

"Not so strange, either, when we have the authority of Shakespeare for saying man is but the 'paragon of animals.' But, seriously, do you believe that our souls pass into another body, an earthly one, after death, Helen?"

"It would be very difficult for me to express my belief in words, Mabel. We all have many aspirations and premonitions and next to, if not quite, beliefs that we cannot fathom (even while fully convinced of their truth), much less explain to another. Yet I will answer you thus far: There is more of reason and truth in mesmerism, spiritual revelations, even in metempsychosis, than is generally credited."

"And our souls may be transferred to the body of some brute?" and she continued in a tragic voice:

"'Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'
O! that that earth which held the world should
Should patch a wall? expel the Winter's flaw!'"

"It may be so," replied Helen. "I can neither admit nor deny."

"Well" (with a gleeful peal of laughter), "I hope I shall not be doomed to find a donkey my abiding-place, for I should make an intensely sullen and hateful one if I happened to dislike my master, or he be anything but kind."

"No, Mabel, your home should be the heart of an eagle. There your pride might find a fitting throne."

"And yours, my Summer-evening beauty, should be the blue bird. But I cannot bear to even think of these things;" and she danced away, singing "I want to be an angel."

"A beautiful angel, even if not a strictly good one," sighed Helen, as she looked after her with misty eyes.

There could scarcely have been a better simile of the two girls than those named—an eagle, and the next thing to a dove. And yet there was an undercurrent in the heart of Helen Martling that few had any conception of—a hidden and passionate fire; a subtle craving for the unknown, a reaching-out of the soul for higher and better things, an unsatisfied longing, a mysterious premonition of the invisible.

Her birth-place and home by the sea has inspired and fastened these things. The white lips of the foam seemed ever to whisper into her childish ears, and the trailing wreaths of sand were to her as the gray hairs of those who were buried beneath its depths. The soft, purring music of the ripples as they broke into tiny beads upon the glistening sands at her feet was as the melody of a far-away dirge; the salty fragrance, as the warm, spice-laden

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

J. B. S.—Permit me to call your attention to the following, which I clip from *The Spirit of the Times* of Dec. 4. Perhaps THE CLIPPER, which is courtesy might have been addressed directly by "Lex," can inform him why it has always, ever since 1835, considered that, when high deals at euchre, jack is high.—LEX, New Orleans.—Can you inform me where THE CLIPPER obtains its authority for deciding the following points in euchre? 1. Have played the game for fifteen years, in nearly every State in the Union, and have never seen at anyone who played according to THE CLIPPER'S laws. It says, 1. "Where high is to deal, jack is high." Until the trump is turned, every jack is here than queen. 2. "If, at the beginning of the game, the cards are dealt three and two, the same order should be observed through the sitting." If such is the law, will you please let me know "where I can find it?"—*Answer.*—I. We do not know the source from which the paper named obtained its authority for so deciding. 2. The recognized rule among all good euchre players is to deal each player the same number of cards at each round, and common sense endorses it as just and right. "..... Although THE CLIPPER'S rule is to override the weakness of contemporaries, we shall, in this case, reply. *The* rule that jack is high when high is to deal at euchre is as to euchre itself. *Appleton's Encyclopedia* gives it the spirit, which often is valuable, however, only as showing that there must have been some such rule to quote from. The following decisions are mainly valuable as showing the same thing. The stakes are not ours, and the words thus emphasized indicate that the journal cited from was in no doubt whatever as to what card was high in cutting for deal at euchre. It is quite manifest that, whatever "LEX" may have been doing with a euchre deck during the past fifteen years or so, he has not been reading the paper he has written to. "*Wyman & Co.*, Toronto.—In cutting for deal at euchre, the *last* euchre card wins. If a bower be cut, it ranks first, ace next, and so on."—*Spirit of the Times*, Jan. 23, 1858....."*P. M.*, Greenwood Valley, Cal.—At euchre, in cutting for deal, *the last euchre card governs*—and, of course, the knave ranks first."—*Spirit of the Times*, Jan. 4, 1865. "*Euchre*.—In playing euchre, and in cutting the highest euchre card for deal, does the king or the jack have the deal? *Answer.*—The jack."—*Spirit of the Times*, May 19, 1866 *(etc)*.

BLUE GRASS, Lexington.—"A, B, C and D are playing jack-pot. A opens the pot for $3 with a pair of kings; B stands it; C stands it, and raises it $4 more; A stands the raise, and calls; B and C stand and draw to D (who B. is not in, and is the dealer), and concludes, after standing C's raise, to discard one of the kings and draw to a four-club flush. He does so, and makes a club flush, and, being the first one to bet, bets $5. C stands that, C says, and A shows a club flush and takes down the pot; B and C contend A had no right to split his kings, B having stood the raise on two jacks, and in the draw improved his hand by catching the third jack, and calls A's bet of $5. A, having made his club flush in the draw, shows his hand, and claims the pot. The amount in the pot is awaiting your decision."..... While jack pot is played in several ways, these in but one reasonable method. As the player cannot open unless he has as good as jacks, so he should not be required to keep his hand secret from the player holding kings and tens, and fancies, by the betting against him or for some other reason, that the other two kings are dead to him, should not be prevented from throwing away the kings and draw three of a kind, and also only two pair. Straight flushes, when allowed in the game, will beat even four aces.

CONSTANT READER, Wheeling.—1. Joe Stratton ("Joe Hoch") and W. H. Adams took a foot race to run 300 yards in 33½sec.—the former at Boston, Mass., and the latter at Philadelphia; but we believe the start was a flying one in each instance, and we cannot refer to them to our credit of the performance. 2. We do not remember such a challenge.

ARGUS, Cincinnati.—As we have been informed, the official gubernatorial vote of Ohio was: Hayes, 367,813; Allen, 292,364; Odell, 2,891; scattering, 17. Exclude the scattering votes and deduct from Hayes' majority over Allen the 2,891 that Odell polled, and Hayes' net majority, which is his excess over one-half of the total vote cast for all nominees.

FLORA WESTON.—If your letters sent to the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, are not come to hand within a reasonable time, write to the Dead Letter office at Washington, D. C. We forwarded to you the order to deliver the letter p. o. marked, London, Eng. We do not remember the p. o. mark on the other letter.

J. E. W.—There is no prime-minister in this country; and if the son of an American citizen be born abroad, during the temporary residence of his father there, neither in the service of this Government or not, that son may be eligible to the Presidency of the United States upon reaching thirty-five years of age.

HAM AND EGGS, St. Louis.—1. We do not answer questions concerning the domestic affairs of professional personages, as the Sayres or Georgiana Gomans, some months ago, she fell and received a severe injury upon the knee-cap, which has prevented the use of the limb since.

W. S., St. Paul.—1. C must have a nine in his hand to justify that play. 2 C cannot pick the six and four from the board, and add them to his partner's pile of ten, without having a ten in his own hand. D has one of the cards that must be respected, and one of them is the chance to make use of the six or the four.

STAGE-STRUCK HAY, Elyria.—1. It would do to start with. 2. We decline to express our opinion, it being purely a matter of taste. 3. There is little difference between them. 4. No; because there are more performers in that line now than can secure profitable employment. 5. Nine recognized places, and several minor ones.

LUCY LONG, N. O.—"Lucy Long," 25c., and "O Susanna," 30c., can be obtained of Dixon & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y., who have a full line of the old-timers. Address Frank B. Converse, banjoist, at 137th street, Mott Haven, N. Y.

R. C. S., Elyria.—"In the games played between Rudolphe and Dion, did the latter ever win as much as $10,000 from the former and his friends, or vice versa?"..... No; never even so much as $3,500 clear, in all the games they have ever played.

"S. F. M.," Pittsburg.—1. It has not been set to music. 2. Samuel Phelps of London, Eng. 3. Dec. 13, 1815. The time was 23 minutes; but there is no record of the number of rounds. 4. He is performing in variety theatres. See variety summary.

A. F. J., Hoboken.—1. We have no record of the best time made by those men for a half mile and a mile. They do not make pretensions to great speed at those distances. 2. The best time running mile in 1876, by Howard, in England; standing, 13ft. 7in., by Greaves, also in England.

A. M. M., Philadelphia.—When we are apprised of their whereabouts, you will see their movements recorded in our dramatic summary. A letter addressed to the care of this office, stating the company he is with on the envelope, should reach him.

E. St. F.—The Federal losses at the Battle of Antietam, Md., were—killed, 2,010; wounded, 9,416; prisoners, 1,043. The Confederate losses were—killed, 3,500; wounded, 14,700; prisoners, 1,000. Battle statistics are at the best but approximately correct.

R. W. H., Detroit.—The practice varies. Some pay two, and others four. There is no rule, and it should be agreed upon before beginning to play. We have held that one hand is a stand-off against another, and that only double stakes are to be paid.

GUNSTAFF READER, Brooklyn.—1. We do not recommend persons in that line. See our advertising columns. Learn whichever you have the most talent for. Salary ranges from $25 upward, according to merit and popularity. 2. We cannot say. 3 Pair.

T. M. H. K., Boston Highlands.—"At six-card cribbage, two-handed, A played a tray, B pairs it, taking two points. A plays another tray, which B pairs, and claims 3 for the run. A a deuce, and takes it. B an ace, and claims 3 for a run. A disputes it. Which is right?"..... A.

G. O., Utica.—All bets are supposed to be determined, payable or collectable, at the sporting resorts, where such are possible. The stakes belong to the gentleman whose position in the wager is sustained by the *fact* of the thing put upon.

DEER, Grand Haven.—Unless A expressly said he would bet B, thus assuming the converse of the proposition beyond a doubt, he is to be held to have assumed merely the negative, and B must beat him, as he said he would, or lose.

SUBSCRIBER.—In gathering *birds*, the hands alone must be used; time allowed, not to exceed five minutes from time bird alights, and accordingly some rules three minutes are the limit.

JOHN, Phila.—1. Draw the bet. The value of straights should always be agreed upon before beginning play. In some coteries they will beat two pair, in others three of a kind. 2. As a rule, professionals do not play straights at all.

O. E. C.—The casino does not count "fifteen" first, and it never has so counted, unless by agreement. There is no precedence as to points. 2. The player who gets 21 points enough, and calls them, is out.

C. O. B., Lynn.—Jack Howard, on March 30, 1868, jumped lengthwise over a full-size billiard table, for a bet of £200 to £100, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng.

MUSE, Titusville.—We know of no person who travels through the country for such a purpose. Harry Seymour of this city, who can be addressed in care of this office, can supply you.

PRIZE SKATER, San Francisco.—1. The performer's dances on skates on a pedestal about four feet in height, and having a surface of about eighteen inches square—somach, we less. 2. There is no such title.

F. O. D.—It depends upon the use made of it. "One and a half mile," used adjectively to qualify a noun, is correct; but, where "one and a half" is used adjectively, the noun thus qualified should be "miles."

O. H. D., Peterboro.—1. 15 cents per line, agate measure, for each insertion. 2. We never express our opinion upon such matters. 3. About 23 years. Davis is in England. See answer to No. 2. 4 He does not use puppets.

CRIBBAGE, Washington.—The word "Hoyle" originated in the fact that Edward Hoyle, who in England many years ago was an authority upon cards, published a book entitled "Hoyle's Games."

H. W. F., Taunton.—The mere possession of low put your opponent out. It was not at all necessary for him to play it.

A CONSTANT READER.—"At cribbage, A played a king, B a tray, A a deuce, taking 2 holes for 15; B plays a four and takes 3 points for the run; A next plays a tray—can he also claim a run of 3?"..... Yes.

G. S., Pittsburg.—1. Single, from $25 to $100 per week double, from $35 to $180 per week. 2. Certainly, if you have talent. 3. C. H. Hawkins, 118 East Thirteenth street, this city.

SHORT STOP.—If by "the best" you mean the most legitimate organization, we reply, the Knickerbocker of New York. If you mean the strongest playing club, the answer is the Athletics of Brooklyn.

PROFESSOR.—Unless A raised his cards or bet on them, after the draw, without raising them, he can require the dealer to take back the improved ones. If he did either of those things, his hand is fouled.

JACKSON, Pike.—There is nothing at all in "Hoyle" about empire; nothing even in "American Hoyles" about that kind of euchre; there ought to be no such "euchre" anywhere; and you can play it in in any way you please.

SCRANCHKER, Cincinnati.—The official vote of New York State, at last election, was: Bigelow, 300,211; Seward, 375,506; Dusenbevre, 11,123—making a plurality for Bigelow of 14,810.

E. J. S., Toronto.—London, Eng., had a population of 3,251,804 in 1871; Pekin, China, estimated at 1,300,000; Yeddo, Japan, 674,447 in 1873.

HUGH BACON, Toronto.—1. The deposit must accompany the challenge. 2. $100 is the usual amount when such stakes are named.

TINNER, Chicago.—Weston never succeeded in any of his attempts to walk 500 miles in a given time; consequently he has no record for that distance.

NOCHAN, Philadelphia.—39 degrees below zero is about the coldest cold snap we remember as having occurred in the United States.

REVERDY, Lansingburgh.—The best time in a four-mile *heat* race in California is 7:30, by Thad Stevens, Oct. 18, 1873.

J. A. F., Taunton.—The parties should have agreed upon the value of the ace, which is sometimes high and sometimes low. Let them agree, and cut again.

PIN POINT, Manchester.—A loses, for this reason. His neglect allowed C to make pool, whereas but for that extra shot C might have been beaten by B.

NEMO, Boston.—That is correct enough, as far as it goes. Now, place in juxtaposition the thousands of cases in which the odds are not laid that way.

C. A. R., Fredonia.—1. A goes up, and B keeps the five. A should have discovered his mistake earlier. 2. Do not supply agents.

J. W., Whitehall.—Capt. Mathew Webb is the only person known to have swum across the channel from the English to the French shore, or vice versa.

OLD WRIGHT HOUSE, Cleveland.—B wins. A and B, being low, have to throw off to see who loses the beverages. C and D are clear.

J. L. D., Trenton.—It is not customary to address notes in that way, and we do not know what your correspondent meant.

H. E.—No; "Deborah" is the name of the original German play, and "Leah the Forsaken" is an English adaptation thereof.

COVEY, Bangor.—1. He has no record. 2. The walking done with a straight leg, one foot being on the ground all the time.

P. A.—1. The letter-box rent in the New York Post-office is $4 per quarter. 2. Louise Sylvester is the only name she is known by.

MISS JONES, Boston.—1. The player next on the left of the dealer has the age. 2. At draw poker, the deal alternates; at straight poker the winner of the last game deals.

HOOSIER

AQUATICS.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

Sadler's Easy Victory Over Boyd.

We have already given the bare result of the scullers' race between Joseph E. Sadler and Robert W. Boyd, rowed from Putney to Mortlake, Nov. 15, for the championship of the Thames and of England, and we herewith present details of the contest, taken from *The Sporting Life:*

"There was a sunny sky, there was no wind to speak of, and the water was almost as smooth as glass. But the tide, though extraordinarily high, was wonderfully slow. Fast time was out of the question, and the main thing in the minds of the spectators was whether they would get under Hammersmith Bridge and see the end of the race. The tide was never so high in our recollection. Sadler won the toss, taking the Middlesex Station, and then the betting, which had gradually increased from 5 to 4 to 6 to 4 on him, settled down more firmly at the last-mentioned figure, and in some cases we believe as much as 7 to 4 was laid on the South-countryman. T. Green steered him from a cutter, and James Percy coached the Northerner from a cutter steered by James Boyd, the father of the Tyneside sculler. A start was made about half-past two. Sadler was decidedly the quicker in starting, and went off without any appearance of flurry, while Boyd seemed just in the slightest degree unprepared when the word "Go!" was given by John Ireland of the London Rowing Club, who had been selected as umpire. There was not much help from the tide then, and both men kept well towards the middle of the river to make the best stream they could of it. Boyd rowed about forty-three to the minute to begin with, and as Bimmons' led by a quarter of a length, whilst Sadler started at thirty-nine, evidently having made up his mind not to be hustled under any circumstances. Past Bishop Creek the race was most exciting, and thence Boyd gradually drew farther ahead, so that three-quarters of a mile from the start he had quite a length to the good of the Tyneside man, who was jubilant, and a shade of odds was offered on their man as the scullers were off the Willows. Opposite Beverley Brook there was already a length of daylight between the boats, but, approaching Craven Point, Sadler, still keeping at thirty-nine, began gradually to pick up his man, on whom his exertions hitherto had evidently told their tale. At the Point Boyd was barely clear, and, nearing the Grass Wharf, the Londoner gained rapidly, but he was going far too close to the leader, who was well to the south of mid-stream, and there was imminent danger of a foul. Symes, Sadler's trainer, was shouting to him loudly from the umpire's steamer, and he just pulled his right in time to get clear of the Northerner, who, it is quite on the cards, might have gained the race on a foul had he chosen to risk the chance of seating up and allowing his opponent to touch him. This danger, however, Sadler managed to avoid, though at the expense of sheering out wide. At Rosebank, again, Sadler was drawing on his man, but too closely for the comfort of his backers, who saw how easily he would lose, when, if kept clear of his opponent, they felt certain he was winning. At the Crab Tree, Sadler got fairly level, and then there was a scene of jubilation which we cannot attempt to describe. Boyd was evidently quite done with. His turned like a beaten horse, and showed that he was quite settled. There was not the faintest semblance of a spurt in him. Sadler was increasing his advantage at every stroke, and at the Soap-works Bridge led by three lengths. Thence he went right away, and shot Hammersmith Bridge six lengths ahead, at the Doves the same man led by six lengths, and at the top of Chiswick Eyot he was quite 100 yards ahead. He eased up time after time, and going past the Duke's Bathing place at Chiswick he was 150 yards in front. Between there and Barnes Bridge he eased, and he rested again opposite the White Hart, so that after the flush he had allowed the gap to be very much lessened. Eventually Sadler won by 100 yards, easing up quite fresh, whilst Boyd did not seem very much the worse for his exertions. The time was very slow—28min. 5sec.; to Barnes Bridge, 20min., 21sec.; to Hammersmith Bridge, 10min. 15sec. Boyd did a fair amount of pace for a mile, but is not by any means the best "miler" we have seen. He is strong, and very young, and we are quite confident we have not seen the best of him. He shut up as soon as he was collared—not, we think, that he was deficient in pluck, but that he really had nothing left in him after his relative slackness over the first mile. He depended too much on his arm-work, and made that as tiring as it could be, whereas Sadler swung beautifully, and made the best use of his legs. Subjoined are the winners of the championship:

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THE SPORTING PUBLIC should bear in mind that on Thursday afternoon of the current week, Dec. 9, Ned Mallahan will be the recipient of a benefit at Harry Hill's Theatre; and, as he always stands ready to give anybody else a lift, he has been promised the assistance of enough accomplished knights of the roppe-inclosure to insure a capital show. The wind-up will be given by the beneficiary and Mike Coburn—a pair who are capable of making a set-to which cannot fail to please.

THE GLOVE-MATCH advertised to take place between Wm. Clark and Joe Coburn, at Turn Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, was indefinitely postponed, owing to lack of attendance, the result, to a great extent, of the "gag" character given to the affair by developments made subsequently to the first announcement of the match.

WEEDEN AND WALKER of Philadelphia, who recently had a hard-fought prize-fight, are to have a complimentary benefit at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, in that city, Dec. 16.

WE HAVE LETTERS for JOE. COBURN and SAM COLLYER.

TRIGGER.

PIGEON-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

The newly inclosed grounds of the Long Island Shooting Club on the Jamaica road, near the old Union Course, have, during the past week, been the scene of numerous matches and sweepstakes shooting. On Tuesday, Dec. 2, there was a large attendance of members for a day's sport, when the first contest was for a classified sweepstakes of $3 each, five birds, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1⅛ ounce shot, five traps, and Hurlingham rules to govern, which resulted as follows:

Gildersleeve	11101—4	T. Van Buren	10110—3
Broadway	00111—3	Wingate	01101—3
Post	10011—3	Dr. Ayton	01110—3
Dr. Wyane	01110—3	Austin	10110—3
Harrison	00110—2	Buffy	10010—2
A. Eddy	00000—0		

A trial match at ten birds each, 30 yards rise, under the same conditions as the previous sweepstakes, between Ira A. Paine and T. Van Buren, followed, and was won by the professional by one bird, the scores being as follows:

Paine	1100100101—killed, 5; missed, 5.		
Van Buren	0011001010—killed, 4; missed, 6.		
A sweepstakes of $3 each, three birds, under similar conditions, resulted in a tie between four out of the fourteen contestants, Mr. C. Wingate eventually proving the winner. The scores were:			
Wingate	111 111	Van Baren	111 110
Valentine	111 10	Gildersleeve	101 1
Austin	111 0	Ayton	001 0001
Wyant	110 0	Elmendorf	101 10
Eddy	110 0111	Hartshorn	010 0
Post	100 1111	Walton	100 0
Broadway	110 0	Rimendorf	000

On Saturday, Dec. 4, a match for $300, at 50 birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼ ounce shot, five traps, and Hurlingham rules to govern, between Travis Van Buren and Purdy Belmont, attracted a large attendance of members of the Long Island Club Grounds. It was won by Mr. Van Buren, who killed 32 and missed 13 out of 45, at which stage he shot out his opponent. The following is the score:

Van Buren	01111 11110 10001 11111 10111 00111 01111 10110 00011—total, 45; killed, 32; missed, 13.		
Purdy	00011 11110 10100 10100 11010 10011 11101 10011 01101—total, 45; killed, 26; missed, 19.		

A match at eleven birds each, same conditions as the above, between Ira A. Paine and Travis Van Buren, resulted as under:

Van Buren	01110 11111—killed, 8; missed, 2		
Paine	11110 10100—killed, 6; missed, 4		

A handicap sweepstakes of $5 each, five birds, conditions as above, resulted as follows:

M. Van Buren, 30yds.	11111	J.C. Arnold, 28yds.	00011
T. Van Buren, 30yds.	11111	A. Clasen, 27yds.	01001

On Saturday, Oct. 11, the match for $500 a side, between Ira A. Paine and W. Carson of Philadelphia, at 50 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, and Rhode Island rules to govern, will be shot on the Long Island Club Grounds.

THE FIRST COMPETITION, lying position, 500yds. target reduced-a gallery amount of powder for a mile, but is not by any means the best "miler" we have seen. He is strong, and very young, and we are quite confident we have not seen the best of him. He shut up as soon as he was collared—not, we think, that he was deficient in pluck, but that he really had nothing left in him after his relative slackness over the first mile. He depended too much on his arm-work, and made that as tiring as it could be, whereas Sadler swung beautifully, and made the best use of his legs. Subjoined are the winners of the championship:

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PEDESTRIANISM.

GEORGE M. WELLS having expressed a desire to have a quarter-mile spin with somebody, we are requested to state that, if he is of the same mind still, he can secure a match by calling at "The Thistle," No. 45 Newark avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

JOHN BRADLEY defeated John Oddy—the former to run two and a half miles while Oddy walked two—at Quinton's track, Trenton, N. J., Nov. 30. He won by ten yards.

JOHN THOMAS CROSSLEY of Philadelphia and Geo. King of Trenton, N. J., are matched for an announced stake of $500 a side, to run 150 yards at the latter place Dec. 27.

GRAHAM AND GALLAGHER are to run one hundred yards, for a century a side, at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 8.

JOHN ODDY is notified of a letter addressed to him in care of this office.

COCKING MAIN BETWEEN NEW JERSEY AND LONG ISLAND.—The second main of the season came off on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2, at a place near Communipaw, on the New Jersey Central Railroad, the contestants being representative fanciers of Long Island and New Jersey. The conditions of the main were for each side to show fifteen birds, and to fight all that fell in at weights ranging between 4lb. 6oz. and 5lb. 8oz., for $50 each battle, and $500 the odd fight deciding the main. The New Jersey lovels had the call in the betting, both for the main and on each individual fight. $100 to $75 being the current odds. The heavy weights were first pitted, and after a sharp fight of 5 minutes the New Jersey bird was declared the winner. The second battle was between the light-weights, and again, after a fiercely contested fight of 6½ minutes, did the New Jersey representative win. The loss of these two consecutive battles somewhat discouraged the Long Islanders; but their spirits rose when the third and fourth battles were decided in their favor, and they became exultant when they also scored the fifth and sixth battles. The seventh fight lasted 13 minutes, and was sharp and fierce, New Jersey coming off victorious, as they also did in the eighth and ninth fight. When Long Island won the tenth the excitement became intense, as each side had now won five battles, and the eleventh decided the main. Both sides pitted splendid-looking birds, and the betting was heavy and spirited. The fight proved the most obstinately contested of the evening, lasting seventeen minutes, and terminated in favor of New Jersey, who thus won the main.

COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—Representatives of ten colleges were present at a convention held at the Mansion House, Springfield, Mass., Dec. 4, for the purpose of organizing an athletic association. The delegates were as follows: Amherst, L. G. Beck; Columbia, Randolph Hurry. James A. Renwick; Cornell, A. M. Ensign; Harvard, G. W. Greene; Princeton, W. T. Kaufman, T. A. Marquand; Trinity, J. D. McKenna, W. C. Skinner; Union, B. A. Heywood; Williams, W. R. Patt. S. T. Stedman; Wesleyan, W. C. Wallace; Yale, G. C. Webb, J. H. Hammond. The chair was occupied by Greene of Harvard, Marquand of Princeton acting as secretary. After the adoption of "The Athletic Association of American Colleges" as the title of the organization, and the adoption of a constitution drawn up by Webb of Yale, with a few alterations, an election for officers was held, with the following result: President, G. C. Webb, Yale; Secretary, V. P. Greene, Harvard; Treasurer, W. A. Platt, Williams; Chairman of Committee on Games, Randolph Hurry, Columbia. The Committee on Games were instructed to prepare a set of rules for the first field meeting of the Association, reporting the same at a convention to be held at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, this city, Jan. 8, and to open correspondence with the authorities of Saratoga, New London and Springfield relative to the laying-out of a track.

PROF. J. B. JUDD has fitted up, at the N. E. corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, rooms for physical culture and bathing, consisting of bath-room, shampoo slab, plunge, shower and spray baths, hot and cold, drying-room, exercising apartment, dressing-rooms, etc., which we can commend to the patronage of our athletes and all seekers after bodily health. See adv.

OLYMPIC CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO.—This Pacific Slope athletic organization held their first annual games at the Recreation Grounds Nov. 25. The weather was bad, rain falling a part of the time, the track was in poor condition, and the attendance small in consequence. Winners: 100-yards run, seven entries, won by A. S. Thompson; 10½ sec. Putting up 160lb dumbbell, three entries, G. M. Robinson; 20 times. Running high jump, six entries, M. F. La Grange; 4ft. 8in. Quarter-mile-run, six entries, A. S. Thompson. Putting light stone, seven entries, C. B. Browne; 29ft. Running wide jump, five entries, C. B. Browne; 18ft. 5in. One-mile walk, four entries, G. M. Robinson; 8min. 2sec. Three standing jumps, five entries. C. A. Bennett; 30ft. One-mile run, three entries, W. Davidson. Running hop, step and jump, five entries, M. F. LaGrange; 40ft. 4in. Putting up 50lb dumbbell, three entries, G. M. Robinson; 75 times. Putting up 35lb dumbbell, G. W. W. Roche 450 times, G. M. Robinson 423 times. Putting heavy stone, seven entries, C. B. Browne, 19ft.

SKATING.—The ball went up at the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn, on the morning of Dec. 1, 1875, that being the opening skating-day of the season of 1875-6 in the metropolitan districts, and on Dec. 2 and 3 good skating was had at this well-known locality, the ice being three inches in thickness. At Prospect Park the lakes were all frozen over to a thickness of two and a half inches; but no skating was allowed, as the crowd which would have thronged there would have broken it in in a few minutes. The lake is from five to seven feet deep now, and consequently skating will not be safe until the ice is four or five inches thick.

ICE-BOATING.—The Capitoline Ice-boat Club launched the Flyaway at the lake on Dec. 1, for the first time this season, and good sailing was had there on Friday. At the Park Lake, too, the Prospect Park Club launched The Lady of the Lake and The Jack on Friday, Dec. 3, but the thaw of Saturday interrupted the sport.

THE MERION CRICKET CLUB of Philadelphia elected the following officers at their annual election Dec. 3: President, J. Hunter Ewing; vice-president, Harry Sayres; secretary, Edward S. Sayres Jr.; treasurer, Wm. W. Montgomery; ground committee, Rowland Evans, George Ashbridge, James P. Townsend, Richard H. Reilly and J. S. Wain.

THE PURPLE FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

I had been sitting alone one evening in my room in a little French village, where I had been sojourning for a season. All day long I had felt oppressed and gloomy, and now, when a golden sunset lighted up the western sky, I laid aside my lonely musings, and wandered out through the dull streets of the quaint old town. How strangely everything appeared in the soft, yellow light that streamed over all things in Danae shower of gold! And when the night would not be very long, and once out of this place I would never revisit it. I glanced at my watch in the starlight—nine o'clock—how many and long the hours were, after all! Then, with my head still resting on its strange pillow, my thoughts still wandering away, weaving wild fancies, I seemed, in a dream, to be floating on. There was an odd, uncomfortable sensation that I was slowly losing my body, while, over all, that terrible purple blossom sent out such a shower of deathly, sickening incense that I was scarcely able to breathe. And then—of course, you will never believe it, but occurrence is quite a singular transpiration every day—then I seemed to be sinking downward, down, down, while, as if with an instinct of self-preservation, my hand grasped at the purple blossom growing on the grave.

Still I seemed going downward. Then before my eyes there arose the face of a man—a noble face, with great gray eyes, and fair waves of hair and a silky moustache. I seemed to view him through a misty veil, and the thought that had been forming itself in my mind grew into shape and distinctness. I felt that I was penetrating the depths of that unknown, nameless grave. I must have been in the clairvoyant state, for I seemed to see, as in a dream, the face of a woman arise beside that of a man—a beautiful woman, but with murder in her eyes. As in a trance, I seemed aware that my spirit had entered into the body of the woman. I was invested with her personality, and I seemed to feel again the feeling of terrible suffocation, and I saw gazing into mine the dark eyes of the woman. Then I felt myself crowded into a narrow, stifling inclosure, and heard the dull, heavy clods as they fell upon my coffin-lid with a rattling, horrible sound, and knew that I was shut out from the world forever, that murder was being committed, and that I was buried alive!

I opened my eyes. I found myself lying on the nameless grave, and by the pale light of morning, which struggled in the sky, I saw that the purple flower had vanished. Slowly I arose to my feet with a horrible conviction that I had been dead, and had come back to life again; then I wrapt my shawl about me, and wended my way to the entrance. I waited at the gates until the *gend'armes* made his appearance; but when I passed him he uttered a shriek and fled. I heeded him not; I went straight to the chief of police—a shrewd, dried-up little man—and told my story from beginning to end. He watched me keenly over his spectacles, elevated his eyebrows expressively, and, with the inimitable French shrug of the shoulders, asked me what I would have him do. I answered boldly with a request that the grave be opened to prove the veracity of my vision, and I convinced my auditor that I had no other personal interest in the matter.

"That," said he, when I described to him the spot, "must be the grave of Aubrey D'Albin, a wealthy banker, who was murdered by his wife's paramour, Monsieur died suddenly—I well remember it—and the madame remarried very shortly after his decease—married a former lover, too." Here the old man's shrewd face grew more comprehensive, as a "case" gradually shaped itself before him. "Yes, the grave must be opened, and so, *grande mal! c'est tout!* But my little friend"—turning to me—"we cannot help all that—*c'est fait! c'est fait!*" and he took a pinch of snuff.

The result of it all was that the chief of police, accompanied by a surgeon and several witnesses, returned with me to the grave side; for I had determined to remain until this mystery was completely solved. On lifting the cross of marble from its resting-place on the grave, we found, true enough, the name of Aubrey D'Albin cut on the reverse side—nothing more. With grave faces we gathered around while the earth was slowly removed. It was a terribly deep grave—fully two feet below the usual depth—and in dreadful suspense I stood, while my heart grew numb and still, when at last the spades touched some hard substance, and we knew that the coffin was reached at last. It had, as yet, withstood decay; and so, being drawn to the surface, the little chief, with a very awe-stricken countenance, proceeded to pry open the lid and expose the contents. A cry of horror arose from the assembled group as the lid was raised. We found the corpse of a man—a man with fair, waving hair and a silky moustache. But the dead gray eyes were open, and stared calmly in the face; the white hands were clutched in the shining hair; the lips had been bitten through and through; the grave-clothes were torn in fragments; it was evident, at a glance, that poor Aubrey D'Albin had been buried alive! But, bending over the ghastly form, I saw what no one else perceived. Lying upon the breast of the dead man was a *strange, weird, purple flower, fresh and full of sickening fragrance!*

Do you think this story incredible? You will find stranger facts in the records of many a spiritual medium. I merely relate the occurrence as it occurred. But when I reached my own room once more I found that my hair had turned to snowy white from the effects of that night's horrible adventure; and never since that time can I be induced to enter the precincts of a graveyard.

ROUGH ON THE ROUENS.—A Detroit saloon-keeper, whose place has been cleaned out two or three times by roughs, has got things fixed to his liking now. There is a trap door in the floor square in front of the bar, working by a spring, and when a rough strikes the counter and begins to raise a row he is dropped into the cellar. A pail of hot water is flung over him by the same machinery, and a hickory club worked by steam strikes him 99 times a minute. When the fellow finally gets clear of the machinery, a big dog welcomes him, snuff is thrown into his eyes, and he reaches the street with a solemn vow upon his lips to become one of the most exemplary citizens of Detroit.

MELTING THE WRONG COW.—An industrious citizen of San Juan, California, arose a few mornings ago while the festive lark was still soaring, and with a tin bucket under his arm went to the barn to milk the cow. It was dark and rainy, and in fumbling about for old Brindle he got into the wrong pew—the off mule of his wagon team. He can't remember now which side of the roof he went out, but his recollection of alighting on the picket-fence is very vivid. He expects the bucket down in a few days.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE
BROOKLYN.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Manager
The new Temple of amusement is open for the FALL and WINTER SEASON with
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS,
The largest and best selected Combination in America.
NOTICE.—First-class SPECIALTY ARTISTS wanted at all times. W. H. SMITH, Business Manager. 35-12t

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD & BACKUS'
OPERA-HOUSE. Broadway and Twenty-ninth street.
First week of THE NEW CENTENNIAL.
THE NEW CENTENNIAL.
LIFE UPTOWN. THE FOUR TRAMPS.
TALENT ON A BURST.
ADD. RYMAN on THE SCHOOL QUESTION
New Songs, Dances, Jokes, &c.
Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 37-1t*

WADE'S OPERA-HOUSE
AND
ART GALLERY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
This magnificent and elaborate structure, erected by the OPERA-HOUSE AND ART BUILDING ASSOCIATION of San Francisco at a cost of
$750,000,
will be formally opened on the evening of
MONDAY, DEC. 20, 1875.
In a small compass it is impossible to give a comprehensive idea of the magnitude and splendor of this the CHEF D'OUVRE of theatrical enterprises. Suffice it, that it has been pronounced by professionals and others who have visited it to be the
HANDSOMEST AND MOST COMPLETE THEATRE IN AMERICA.
It has a seating capacity for over
3,000 PERSONS,
and contains FOUR CIRCLES, twelve proscenium boxes, and twenty-four dress-circle stalls, artistically embellished and elaborately upholstered in varl-colored satins and gold.
A BEAUTIFUL CHANDELIER,
from the elegant establishment of Mitchell & Vance of New York, erected at a cost of over $5,000, will reflect myriads of crystal light's over the vast auditorium.
A PRISMATIC FOUNTAIN
will impregnate the atmosphere of the vast vestibule with it perfumed waters. The building covers an area of 100x275 feet. THE GRAND ENTRANCE is 25ft. wide, and leads into the VESTIBULE OR ROTUNDA, 35x40ft. The AUDITORIUM is over 100ft. square.
THE STAGE
is the largest and most complete in America. 80x110ft. The opening is 54ft. wide by 60ft in height, with every facility for the proper production of dramatic effects. The theatre has all the appliances essential to the comfort of the public, broad chairs, easy exits and entrances, and is perfect in acoustics and ventilation.
THE ART GALLERY
occupies the second and third floors. It is 80ft. in length by 40 in width, and will be handsomely adorned with paintings from the easels of the first artists of Europe and America. The ante-rooms will be embellished with elegant specimens of sculpture, the master-pieces of WELL-KNOWN celebrities.
FIRST-CLASS TALENT, Stars and Combinations, address FREDERICK W. BERT,
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37-1t

WANTED, ADVANCE AGENT, who is acquainted with the Pacific Slope, for a JUVENILE COMEDY COMPANY, to start from Chicago Dec.

OOF!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Der moon vas high peknd der hills
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Und low vas der nodes of der vib-boor-tills,
Der geeses und ducks und der rungbill cock.

Der skrimbs vas shvimming in der prooks
(Oofgaliden aldrmerblock),
Dey leg to bide en fishing-hooks,
Und got deir leedle seifs in hock.

Der caddles vas shleeping on der blains
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
A shewing deir red of crass ued crains,
Along mit a growd of oder shdock.

Der vinds vas humming drough der drees
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock)
Der shnibes vas shdill a dooking der ease
Ub on dob of a mess-grown rock.

In a olt farmhouse in a shady nook
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Close by der side of a happ ing prook
A maiden sods a mending a sock.

Her hair vas gold und eyes so bright
(Oof. aliden aldermerblock),
Und doots of pearl und shkin as white
As der leedle shdribes in her leedle frock.

She sods dere a dinking of dimes vent by
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Vile she vas lofes, und she hofes a sigh
Und meanbiles der name of Adolph Grock.

Lowesa Schwab, der village belle
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Sods dere sighing and feeling like—vell,
Like anything—like a proken crock.

Her Adolph Grock did vent to sea
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Und dot's almost now fife years or dree
Since his glinker-dinkey leefed der dock.

Der village youds dem hard did dry
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
To catch der maid mit deir auburn eye,
Bud deir addenshions she does mock.

Hark! hush! someone's coming ub der valk!
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Und Lowesa's face vas vite like shalk,
Ven on der door dere vames a knock.

Der door vide obens! Adolph shdands
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Mit shdredched-oud arms und brawny hands,
She rushes to him und drops der sock.

In just nine vacks und fourdeen days
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Adolph und Lowesa, happy
A leedle shmall wisid to Fader Wock.

Der Dominie maked dem man und frau
(Oofgaliden aldermerblock),
Und Lowesa's always singing now,
From a dill dwell a glock.

ODITY GOOFF.

No. 17 Vood 23d shdreed, Novermper 18 und 75.

VIOLET MILDMAY;
OR,
IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XX.

How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

After delivering punishment to Jem for his eavesdropping, Leicester walked round to the stables and ordered the Cedars carriage. His patience and endurance were quite exhausted. He was quite in love with beautiful Violet, and it mortified him to think that he had given his heart to a thoroughpaced flirt.

In the few minutes while the horses were being put to, he formed as many resolutions, and broke them. He determined to go to London, to plunge into every description of gayety—in short, to forget the bewitching coquette who had won his cynical heart. But when the carriage was ready he returned to the drawing-room, and, going quietly up to his mother, whispered:

"I have ordered the carriage for you; do not let them think you are surprised."

Mrs. Dodson nodded and looked up at him inquiringly. She saw that something had gone wrong. At that moment a peal of silvery laughter proceeded from the corner of the room where Lord Fitz and Violet were seated. Leicester started and frowned, and then Mrs. Dodson knew what ailed him. She knew that he was in love with Violet Mildmay.

"Are you going so soon?" said Mrs. Mildmay. "I thought you were going to stay a long while, Violet," she added, turning to where Violet was sitting. "Mrs. Dodson is going to run away."

"Not so soon, are you?" asked Violet, glancing at Mrs. Dodson, and taking no notice of Leicester, who stood with his crush-hat under his arm.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Dodson. "We have had such a delightful evening; but we must go, for I am rather tired, and I am sure you must be."

"I am afraid it has been rather a slow evening for you," turning gracefully to Leicester.

"Not at all," he said coldly.

Violet bowed, and turned to Fritz.

"You are not going, are you?" she asked.

"No, not just yet," he replied, "if Ethel will stay a little longer."

"Oh, I will promise for Ethel," said Mrs. Mildmay. "She is deeply engaged with Mr. Fairfax, and they have got upon a topic which will keep them in close argument for the next hour."

"What topic is that?" asked Leicester, who felt he must say something, but could not keep the frown from his face.

"Painting," said Mrs. Mildmay. "Lady Ethel is an enthusiast."

"Good-night," said Leicester, bending over Violet's hand.

"Good-night," she said, trying to speak coldly; but a something in her voice told him she was trembling, and he raised his eyes quickly.

What he would have said or done can never be known, for at that moment Captain Murpoint came up behind them in his noiseless fashion, and said:

"Going already, Mr. Leicester? I had hoped you would stay for a chercot after the ladies had retired."

"Thanks—not to-night," said Leicester gravely; and with another shake of the hand he and his party made good their retreat.

The captain looked after him with a smile, and then returned to the terrace where he had been strolling, presumably for a little air, but in reality so that he might watch all the persons in the drawing-room without being observed. So soon after the Dodsons had gone, Ethel, who had been talking to Bertie, looked at her watch.

"How late!" she exclaimed. "Would you mind ordering the carriage, Mr. Fairfax? It is here, I know, for I saw it coming down the road soon after dinner."

"Certainly," said Bertie, "if you really mean to go. Why are you in such a hurry? I have tired you, I am afraid."

"No" said Ethel; "I am not tired. I am very fond of painting, and I love to hear anything about it. You know a great deal, Mr. Fairfax, and I think you love your art."

"I do," said Bertie. "I should be ungrateful if I did not, seeing that I live by it."

Ethel sighed.

"It must be so sweet to do so," she said—"to feel free, and earn one's own right to existence."

"It is not always," said Bertie—"neither freedom nor enjoyment. Who is bound and enslaved as the poor artist? He is tied hand and foot. He cannot, he dare not, snatch that which his heart longs for, and he is too poor to buy it."

"What do you mean?" said Ethel. "What can you, for instance, want which you have not already? You have youth, strength, talent, and fortune," she paused. In her earnestness she was about to say "beauty."

Bertie smiled sadly.

"All these I have not; but I have the first two, which are the best of them all, and yet ——"

"You are dissatisfied," she said with a reproachful smile.

"I confess it," he said, "I confess it," and he leant forward with his deep, tender, beautiful eyes fixed on her face.

Ethel's eyes, which a moment before had been raised to his with a playful reproachfulness, dropped suddenly, and she looked round as if for some interruption. The artful captain, who was watching them from behind the curtain, saw the timid, half-frightened look, and smiled sardonically.

"He is in love, and he is making love. He will tell her in a few minutes; shall I interfere, or give them another moment?"

He decided to give them another moment, and watched on as a spider watches two flies hovering innocently near his ensnaring, fatal web.

"I confess it," said Bertie. "I am poor, too poor to buy that which I long to possess—do you ask me what it is, Lady Boisdale?"

Ethel rose nervously and shut her fan.

"I am sure the carriage must be here. I—it is very warm, Mr. Fairfax ——" for Bertie had laid his hand upon her arm in his eagerness. "Do not say any more—forgive me, but I am tired—tired and—ah!" and she breathed a sigh of relief as the unseen captain came gliding up.

Bertie understood the captain in his heart.

He felt that if they had been uninterrupted for another ten minutes he should have been able to plead his cause, and at least get an answer from Ethel: it might have been a refusal, but it would still have been an answer, and a refusal is better to be borne than a suspense.

"The carriage is here, Lady Boisdale," said the captain.

"Thank you," said Ethel, and as Bertie drew her hand beneath his arm he felt it tremble.

They found Fitzstill near Violet, but in a very different mood to that in which he had been triumphing a short while before. A change had come over Violet's manner towards him. That change had dated since the moment of Leicester's disappearance. When he had left the room Violet's smiles had disappeared.

She answered Lord Fitz at random and grew cold, and even stately. Poor Fitz, simple boy that he was, could not understand it. He fancied that he had offended her. But he had not. She had been flirting with him to annoy Leicester. Now that Leicester had gone the necessity for any further acting was gone also, and she treated Lord Fitz with all the old cold and indifferent friendliness. Oh, how soon a woman learns the art of coquetry! Before 20-night Violet had never desired to win approval or to raise jealousy in a man's heart. To-night she had at the first attempt become a proficient in the art of which she thought Leicester a skilled master.

Lord Fitz hoped when they were saying good night that she would relapse into her bright amiability, but he was disappointed. She wished him good-night with a smile that was the perfection of friendly indifference.

"I cannot make it out," he said to Ethel, as they were being borne home to Coombe Lodge.

"What cannot you make out?" she asked.

"Why, Violet Mildmay's manner." said the boy with a sigh. "You know how friendly she has been," he said.

"Charming," said Ethel with a smile. "It is quite evident that you are in love with her, Fitz."

He blushed.

"But, I say, what made her so different, Ethel? You are a woman, and ought to understand women. She changed from Summer to Winter, from sunshine to frost. And I declare I don't know why. I said nothing to offend her that I am aware of; or if I did, I am sure she would have told me. I can't make it out."

"Neither can I," said Ethel rather absently, for while listening to her brother she was thinking of Bertie's musical voice. "If Violet was a flirt, I should say that she was making fun of you; but she is not a flirt."

"I cannot understand it," said Fitz dolefully. "Women are such strange things."

So all the guests had gone, and Violet sat alone in the now silent drawing-room.

Her heart was heavy, her eyes and her whole frame weary.

She felt for the first time how hollow were the artificialities of life. She had been playing at acting. She had taken the first leap over the hedge which divides the unsophisticated maiden from the flirt.

As she reached her room she saw a light making its way from the captain's room, and heard the soft hum of his voice as he murmured his favorite air from "Faust."

"How good-natured he seems!" she thought. "He is really my friend, and yet I cannot quite like him."

So she went to bed thoroughly unhappy, dissatisfied with herself for acting the flirt and dissatisfied with Leicester for being one.

Although the captain was humming so carelessly, he was not idle. No sooner did the sound of Violet's closing door greet his ear, than he ceased the humming and drew his chair to the bureau. He had prepared his pens, ink, etc., on the table; there was every sign of a hard night's work. He commenced by carefully locking the door. Then he drew from the bureau his strange purchases, the sheet of parchment and the flour-dredger, spreading the parchment upon the desk. It looked very yellow and old, and anything but a nice material for a document. But for the captain's purpose it was apparently not at all too *passe*, for he drew from his pocket a small bottle of cold coffee, and with a paint brush carefully washed the surface of the parchment on both sides. Then he held it near the candle to dry, and after a close scrutiny nodded with satisfaction. The ink next underwent manipulation. It was good black ink—evidently too good, for the captain carefully diluted it with water. Then he took from his pocket a bundle of letters, and, selecting the longest, spread it out upon the bureau, lit a cigar, and studied the handwriting with the closest attention. It was the handwriting of John Mildmay, and the letter was one of many he had written to his good and kind friend Captain Howard Murpoint.

"I can imitate that, I think," muttered the captain; "let me try."

He took a sheet of paper and commenced to copy the capital letters from the letter. Then, when he had succeeded in producing a good imitation, he turned his attention to the peculiarities of the handwriting. A scrawl here, a flourish there, a tail to the *y*, a loop to the *b*. For half an hour he persevered, and at the end of that time he had succeeded in imitating the handwriting of his dear dead friend so closely that John Mildmay's ghost, if it had risen and peeped over the forger's shoulder, could not have distinguished the forgery from the original.

"There," he muttered. "I'll defy all the lawyers in the world to detect that. Now for the deed."

He drew the parchment towards him, and, proceeding with the greatest care and minuteness, drew up a document which he signed with the name of John Mildmay.

The deed purported to be witnessed by an old coachman and his wife, both of whom were dead. The deed was not long, but when it was finished a flush of delight shone upon the forger's face. The ink was yellow, the parchment was brown and faded, the whole looked like a document that had endured the ravages of time. It was a clever piece of villany, and the captain was proud of it.

When the deed was finished he collected the pieces of paper upon which he had practiced, and burnt them slowly and with the greatest care at the candle, collecting the ashes and deliberately eating them. Then he took his flour-dredger, and poured into it, from a box which he had concealed in his dressing-case, a quantity of finely-powdered dust.

When the box was full, he shook a little from the top upon the desk and the table. Then he unlocked the door and touched the bell which summoned Mr. Starling. After a few moments the door opened and Jem entered. The captain looked up and frowned inquiringly. There was a red mark across Jem's face—a nasty mark which rendered the sudden, ferocious countenance more evil and desperate-looking.

"Shut the door and lock it," said the captain.

Jem did so, and stood fingering the dressing-gown with shifting eyes and sullen, evil mouth.

"Come here," said the captain. "What's that on your face?"

"What's what?" said Jem, without raising his eyes.

"You know well enough," said the captain, eyeing him closely. "What's that mark across your face?"

"There aint no mark," said Jem.

"That's false," said the captain. "Turn round. Ha! Someone has beaten you, my friend."

Jem dropped the dressing-gown and turned with a snarl and a scowl which was full of malicious meaning.

"Well, if they have, what then?"

"What then?" retorted the captain. "Nothing, I suppose. What's a beating more or less to a dog like you?"

The man's face grew white under the contemptuous taunt.

"That's right," he said hoarsely. "Go on and get me up. It aint enough as I'm treated like a dog, as you says, but you must back it up! But don't be sure as I'll take it! Dogs can bite, captain—dogs can bite!"

"Mad curs can only snarl," said the captain, with fine irony. Then, more sternly, he said: "Jem, what did I warn you? I warned you that I would not suffer any foolery. I told you to keep from drink. You know the consequences of disobedience. I said I'd crush you if you played the fool with me, and I'll keep my word."

"Curse curs and drink," snarled Jem, "and I aint been, neither. I'm sober enough—too sober, perhaps."

"Are you sober enough to tell me how you came by that blow? If so, out with it," said the captain. "Who gave it you?"

"Him as'll live to repent it!" said Jem hoarsely. "I've marked him, and I'll keep him in my mind night and day till I've paid him out! You see my face. What is it, capt'n—a red mark? It'll be out by the morning, but the mark I'll set on him as did it will cling to him to his grave! What's he?" he continued, clutching the dressing-gown as if it were a live thing, and he could wreak his ferocious humor on it, "what's he as he should look at one and talk to one—ah! and beat one—like a dog? Who is he with his fine airs and mighty ways? He's a man, he is, and a man can lay for him! Is he to strike who he likes, as if they were dirt under his feet, and not get his share back? Let him wait! let him wait! and I'll be even with him, if I swing for it!"

"With all my heart," said the captain, quietly puffing his cigar, but watching the disturbed face well the same time, "with all my heart, take your revenge, good Jem. But perhaps you will kindly tell me on whose account you mean to be hanged. Who is it? Some policeman, eh?"

Jem shook his head and fingered his burning face savagely.

"No," he snarled, "not one o' them. I could take it, I s'pose. No, not one o' them, but one o' your sort, captain—one of the mighty gentlemen that was sent to wipe their feet on such as me."

"Oh!" said the captain. "Who was it?"

"It was Mr. Leicester, curse him!" burst out Jem, and with an oath.

"Ah!" exclaimed the captain with a gleam of malicious delight in his eyes. "My young lad Leicester, was it? Oh, you must bear it, my dear Jem—grin and bear it. You are quite right; he was sent to wipe his feet on such as you, and you must lie down and say nothing! He hits hard, Jem, doesn't he? That must have been a good straight blow, my friend. I think you are sanguine in imagining that the mark will have disappeared by the morning. I think it will be black and blue. Never mind, Jem—it will make him laugh in the morning, and he'll ask you how it is."

"Don't, don't!" groaned the infuriated man hoarsely. "Don't work me up, captain! Don't! I shall go mad! I'll be even with him! I'll make him pay to-night for what he's done, dog as I am!"

"You mean you will wait for him one dark night, and pay him back in his own coin," said the captain. "Jem, you are a fool! What sort of revenge would that be? Which would suffer most—he with a little bit of a knock on the head, or you with your penal servitude for life? If he's strong, my friend, he is amiable Mr. Leicester, and he'd catch you before you had time to get your revenge, and where would you be? No, no. Do you want revenge, Jem?"

Jem looked up from the floor with savage eyes.

"You do? Then I'll show you how to get so sweet, so rich a one, that you'll bless me, Jem. But tell me all about it."

Jem hesitated.

"Come, you were up to something. What was it? Were you helping yourself from his cigar-box, or what?"

"I was doing nothing," said Jem. "I was a-walkin' by the terrace."

The captain smiled.

"Ah, I know! You were eavesdropping, eh?"

"And if I was!" sneered Jem, "if I was a-amusin' myself by a-listering to what was going on, am I to be beat like a dog?"

"Where were you listening?" asked the captain; "and what did you hear?"

Then it came out.

"By the terrace," sneered the captain. "I see it all. He caught you. Sharp fellow is Mr. Leicester! Hah, hah! went out to let off his indignation, and you came handy as a vent-peg! Poor Jem, it is hard. But never mind—you shall have your revenge."

Jem looked up eagerly.

"How, captain? How—show me how?" he asked.

"By helping to baulk Mr. Leicester in the dearest wish of his heart," said the captain. "Come, what do you think that is?"

Jem thought a moment.

"Do ye mean?" he said sternly, and with a grave, eager glance of intelligence, "do you mean with Miss Violet, captain? Aint he sweet on her?"

"Clever, Jem," said the captain; "you are right. Mr. Leicester would give that hand with which he is so free to marry Violet Mildmay, and we can prevent it, you and I, Jem!"

"Show me how, captain."

"I will," said the captain. "But first I've got a word with you, Mr. Starling. You are getting careless. You'll never make a good servant. You are idle. Look at the dust on that table!"

Jem looked and stared.

"That's a pretty state for a gentleman's writing-desk to be in! You have not dusted that for a week!"

"I dusted it this morning, sir," said Jem, looking round with bewilderment.

"You did?" said the captain, drawing his finger down the dirty surface. "Nonsense! look at it. The dirt lies as thick as snow!"

"So it does," said the astonished Jem. "But I'm sure I dusted it. I dusted the whole room."

The captain smiled.

"Never mind," he said. "Dust it again, Jem did so in bewildered silence.

"Now go and fetch me that lantern and the ropes; they are in my portmanteau," said the captain.

Jem turned red and hesitated.

"You are not going ——"

"Go," said the captain with a frown.

Jem sullenly obeyed.

When he came back with the ropes and lantern, and was about to put them on the table, he slipped back and stared with amazement.

"Why, I dusted that table not a minute ago! Look here!"

Then the captain took up the dredger from beneath the table, and held it up with a smile.

"Conjuring, Jem—magic! By this simple contrivance we get the dust of years in one moment. Put it in your pocket and light that lantern."

Jem stared in silence profound and amazed for a minute.

"But," said he, with a troubled face, "you aint going into that beastly room, captain?"

"I am, and so are you," said the captain. "No words; remember your blow and your revenge. You work for it to-night while you obey me."

Jem caught up the lantern with desperate bravado and lit it. Meanwhile the captain exchanged his coat for a pea-jacket, and drew a thick pair of stockings over his boots. Jem, following his instructions, did likewise, and then waited for further orders.

"You could pick locks," said the captain, "one time, Jem; have you forgotten the art?"

Jem grinned.

"Not quite. I dessay I could manage it."

"Good," said the captain. "Have you got the tools?"

"I never goes without 'em," said Jem; "they're very simple, and they don't take up much room, and no gentleman should be without 'em." And as he spoke he drew from his pocket a small piece of steel and a stout piece of wire, bent at the end in the form of a hook.

"Quite right, Jem," he said; "and now for the deed. If you feel nervous, take a sip of this," and he poured out a glass of brandy.

Jem tossed the dram down eagerly; but, fiery as the liquid was, it did not dispel his dislike and horror of the task before him, and when the captain in his stealthy way opened the window the strong ruffian shuddered. But, spurred on by his new motive—the thirst for revenge—he obeyed the signal from his master, and lowered himself from the window without hesitation.

The night was dark and close, not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and as Jem's legs touched the ivy the leaves rustled in a peculiarly ghostly and uncomfortable manner. The captain, looking down upon him, saw his face blanch, and muttered:

"What does the fool fear? His head is full of ghosts. I must watch him. One false step to-night would ruin us."

When Jem had reached the broad window-ledge he loosened the rope from his waist, and the captain, feeling it slacken, prepared to descend by it in his turn. Before releasing his hold of the window-sill, the captain felt in his pocket for the deed. It was there safe and sound, and, with a cheerful courage which seems to belong to bad men, he dropped his hold, and, clinging to the rope, descended hand by hand until he could feel the limbs of the ivy, then he knew that he must bear to the left and climb.

He could not see Jem, who was seated on the window-sill of the closed room, and he could not free his hand to show a light from the lantern; but, perilous as the position was, the captain's heart did not fail him. He had made up his mind to enter that room and do certain dark work, and he would risk his neck three times over to accomplish his purpose. It was a perilous attempt, no doubt. Every step had to be taken with the greatest nicety. Sometimes portions of ivy came away from the wall as he clung; sometimes a frightened bat or bird would dart out with a shrill cry, and once he felt something alive run down his back. It was a rat—one of a colony which had used the thick stems of ivy as a means of reaching the deserted rooms. A shriek from Jem seemed a terrible one, and amount of exertion, he heard the short, spasmodic breathing of his accomplice, and, stretching out one hand, he felt about until he touched something. It was Jem's leg, and so suddenly had the captain clutched it that Jem, whose nerves were strained to their utmost point, uttered a sharp cry of alarm.

"Hush," said the captain sternly. "Quiet, you idiot. It is only I. One such another cry, and we are lost. Utter a word, and I'll drag you down!"

Then, exerting all his strength, he drew himself up to the ledge, and, panting for breath, seated himself beside his accomplice.

"Are you ready?" he said. "But that was tough work! Turn on the light. Ah! Close as an oven and as still as the grave."

"Don't talk about graves, for Heaven's sake, captain," said Jem. "Let's get what we've got to do done and get back again. I hate this place!"

"That is made for my purpose." Then, after glancing through into the dusty window for a few minutes, he tried to push the lower sash up.

But the window was locked. Without a moment's hesitation the captain tied his handkerchief round his hand, quickly broke the pane nearest the fastening, then he inserted his hand and pushed the catch back.

"We ought to have brought some oil," he muttered. "This window will shake like the fiend."

The dust was so thickly bedded round the grooves that it acted as a buffer, and the window opened with very little noise.

"Now, Jem," said the captain, "drop in carefully, and when you reach the floor remain motionless until I am by your side. Remember not to move a step until you get the word from me. It is of the greatest importance, as you will see."

Very sullenly, and with compressed lips, as if he were keeping back his fear and horror with great difficulty, Jem dropped into the room, remaining on the spot where he had first landed. The captain followed his example, and thus they stood, side by side, in the deserted room. Unsuperstitious and reckless as the captain was, he felt a strange, indescribable sensation of awe creep over him; but he cast it off and proceeded with his work, determined that nothing natural or supernatural should stop or baulk him.

"Now," he said in a low, firm whisper, "attach to me and pay particular attention. Walk to that bureau in as few steps as possible. You can stride it in three steps. When you reach the bureau, stand with your face towards the lock without moving."

Jem nodded, and, lighted by the lantern which the captain held, he strode to the bureau.

The captain followed him, taking care to tread in the same footprints.

"Now," he said, "I will hold the lantern while you try the lock with this bunch of keys. If you can't manage it, it must be picked."

Jem took the bunch; and, selecting a skeleton-key of the size required, tried it. But the lock was a good one, and defied all his efforts. Then he went on his knees, and, in a workmanlike manner, picked the lock.

The captain watched his fingers and his feet most closely, and seemed to make a note of every spot with which his hands or his body came in contact.

"There you are, captain," said Jem hoarsely. "Shall I open it?"

The panel when opened displayed the interior of the upper part of an old-fashioned bureau, with its rows of little drawers and cupboards. Jem's eyes glistened and shone outright when the captain, carefully opening the drawers, disclosed a quantity of trinkets and old-fashioned jewelry.

"That's the style," he whispered huskily. "Go in for the swag, captain! We ought to adone it weeks ago!"

"Silence!" said the captain. "Not a thing must be touched—not a single article displaced or moved."

Jem stared with astonishment and disappointment.

"Don't look or get up," said the captain. "Don't be afraid that I shall forget the swag, as you call it, when the time comes. It has not come yet, but when it does there will be more of it than a few drawers full of trinkets. Keep quiet, and touch nothing."

Then, as Jem meekly obeyed both commands, the captain commenced searching within the bureau.

"I am looking for a secret drawer," he said.

"Why didn't you say so, then?" said Jem. "There it is," and he touched a spring concealed in a part of the beading. "I knows where they are, right enough. All these old-fashioned 'uns is much alike. Why, dang it!" he added with deep disgust, "it's empty!"

But the captain's smile was anything but one of disappointment.

"So it is, Jem, and suppose we put something in it?"

And as he spoke he took the parchment from his pocket and laid it carefully in the drawer.

Jem stared.

"This is a rum go, captain," he said, "to go and take all this 'ere trouble, a-risking our necks and a-running the chance o' meeting all sorts o' nasty things for, the sake of putting a piece of paper into this old concern."

"My good Jem, don't worry yourself about what you cannot understand," retorted the captain. "Now go back, step by step, in the same footprints. Mind, go as slowly as you like, but make no more marks."

Jem obeyed, grumbling and wondering, but he was a little easier when he saw the next step in the captain's movements. Carefully guarding against stepping into those places, he stooped down and shook from his dredger a regular and equal quantity of dust on to the handmarks and footprints which they had made. Then Jem understood the use of the flour-dredger. Spot by spot the captain pursued his task until he had reached the window, against which Jem leant, stolidly watching him.

"There," he said at last, pointing to the polished floor, which presented an unbroken surface of dust. "If you were obliged to swear that the room had not been entered—that the floor had not been walked across for five years, would you have any objection to say so?"

"Not I, capt'n," retorted Jem quickly. "Not that that signifies much, because I'd swear to anything; but it's right enough. Anybody 'ud say this room hadn't been looked at for years. At least," he added with a shudder and in a lower voice, "not by human critturs. There's other sort I have heard don't make no footprints nor no noise, so they don't count."

The captain smiled.

"All right," he said; "I don't care for the ghosts, Jem; they only frighten such fools as you. Get up on the sill and shake the dust down on these bare parts."

Jem laid his hand upon the sill, and was about to draw himself on to it, when he was conscious of a sudden stream of soft blue light in the room.

Without turning round he whispered warningly: "Don't turn the light on so full, captain. Somebody might be about and see it at the window."

"What light?" said the captain, who was bending down with his face to the window, powdering the spots from which their feet had removed the dust. "I have turned no light on."

The exclamation which broke the sentence caused Jem to turn his head with a vague sense of alarm. No sooner had he done so than he fell to the ground in a paroxysm of fear. There, on his knees, motionless as a statue, and his dark face upturned, was the captain, staring at a misty blue light which seemed growing out of the side of the room. Breathless, motionless, the two men watched. The light grew more intense, and seemed to suffuse the room with a misty atmosphere, sulphurous and ghostly.

While they stared, the one transfixed with astonishment, the other with dread, a figure, at first indistinct, grew into the light, as it were. The captain drew a long breath, and his face paled. Gradually, but more rapidly than the transformation of light, the figure assumed a distinct shape. Jem uttered a groan, and clasping his hands, slipped, or rather floated, into the room the dreadful figure which he had seen at the oriel window. It was the White Nun!

Slowly, and with a floating, gliding motion, the figure advanced. Then it seemed to see them, for it moved its skull slightly in the direction of the men, and stopped.

The captain, shaking off the horrible influence of dread, sprang to his feet. He was about to advance to the horrid thing; but the blue light suddenly disappeared, the figure glided out of the stream of light flowing from the lantern, and all the captain saw was the fiery eyes and the dull gleam of the white, ghostly drapery.

"Ghost or no ghost," he hissed, "you shall not escape me!" and he sprang forward.

But before he could clutch the apparition it drew back with a gliding motion, and seemed to vanish through the wall. With a bewildered and daunted air the captain glanced around. The two human beings were once more alone. White and trembling, the guilty schemer turned to the window and grasped Jem's arm.

"Come," he said hoarsely. "We've been dreaming."

Without a word, and trembling in every limb, the pair descended one after the other, the captain remaining last, and shudderingly expecting to feel the ghostly hand of bone upon his throat.

But the vision did not appear again, and, exhausted with exertion and horror, the two men stood in their own room, staring at each other's white faces.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THERE is a perfectly good and even pious girl in Rock Island, Ill., who swears fearfully in her sleep.

THE expression of truth is simplicity.

WINTER.

Winter—Winter, dreary and cold,
Cometh now as it came of old;
Cov'ring the ground with snow so white,
Hanging the trees with icicles bright,
Killing the plants with its bitter blast;
Winter—Winter cometh at last.

Winter—Winter is with us now,
With its icy winds and drifting snow,
Priscning all the lakes and ponds,
Holding them tight in crystal bonds;
While the rivers all are frozen fast,
Winter—Winter is here at last.

Winter—Winter is hurrying on,
The snow has fled, the ice has gone,
And Spring are long in her robes of green
On vale and mountain shall be seen;
Spring, bright Spring, is coming fast,
Winter—Winter goeth at last.

Winter—Winter has left us now
Again are used the spade and plough;
Again the fragrant air of Spring
Doth life, and hope, and gladness bring;
And the child sings as he scampers past,
Winter—Winter has gone at last.

DESTINY;
OR,
THE DREAM OF DEATH.

BY MAHMOUD EFFENDI.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy *philosophy*. HAMLET.
Dreams are toys; yet for this once, yea,
Superstitiously, I will be squared by this.
WINTER'S TALE.

How now? Even so quickly one may catch the plague.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

About forty years ago the plague raged intensely in the Levant. Among other places, the city of Smyrna suffered much from this scourge, which is known to the natives of Unadoli by the name of the Youmourjak. But heavy as the visitation undoubtedly was, Smyrna may still be considered as, perhaps, somewhat favored by Destiny, since, looking to the Consular bills of mortality, the Angel of Death seems at the time in question to have passed in a rather more merciful mood over the meandering banks of the Meles than along the Nile in the South, or the cities in the North. Yet, as we have already declared, Smyrna suffered much, very much.

The wild and extensive flat, and low, open ground—situate to the eastward of Windmill Point—and scarcely indeed above the level of the waters of the little bay, which here, in military phrase, "turns the flank" of the north and extreme end of the sea-front of the city, became very soon after the first outburst of the "La Peste," studded with the tattered and unhappy tents of the "compromised;" and, moreover, the city hospitals, especially that of St. Roque, rapidly filled to overflowing.

The Franks, ever strict believers, as a body, in the efficacy of quarantine, shut up their trembling families in Bujah and Bournabat, and even hurriedly formed a *cordon sanitaire* round the former of these villages; while within the town of Smyrna itself, in its wide-spread network of narrow streets, almost every European merchant donned for his daily rounds an anti-contagious oilskin overcoat; and from every window in the town, in vain, noisome iron-shod bindgeon to "fend off" therewith, not only the dangerous approach of the reckless loose-robed Sons of the Turban, but, by St. George, to keep even the tight Sons of the Hat, even the dearest kinsmen and friends and acquaintances, at the very respectful distance of arm's length. "Touch me not!" was the charitable order of the day; and "the plague is contagious," a phrase in all Christian mouths, except, perhaps, the medicos, who were, of course, most widely divided in their professional opinions on the subject. Dr. Bulard, a gallant Frenchman, carried the doctrine of non-contagion to such an extent as bravely to immure himself altogether with the patients in one of the Frank hospitals, many of whom he had the ineffable satisfaction of rescuing from the very jaws of death. In Smyrna he for some time dauntlessly stood his ground unharmed, and subsequently, on receiving *pratique*, proceeded with a like benevolent purpose to Constantinople—the city of the Sultan—where we unfortunately lost sight of him.

There was one quarter of Smyrna that was tolerably well known to travelers in the East by the name of Turk Town. Here the contradictory systems and medicinal precautions of the Franks and their *Hekims* were, at the period of our story, openly held in contempt and disregarded. Here everything seemed left unreservedly to Fate, to *Nakdir*, or to *Kismet*. Here the Muslims, even in the Rag Bazar, bought and sold and ate and drank and played and slept, and then prayed and bought and sold again, day after day, and week after week, as if the plague were altogether a fiction, and Death had no dominion over mortal man. If any of the shops in Turk Town became vacant, from their owner's being, as predestined, taken away by the terminator of delights and the separater of companions, some Alee or Omar resignedly and at once took to the very space, or, to be more correct perhaps, stepped into the very shoes of the dead Mustapha or Mehmet; and thus, until all trades and professions were dismissed, business of any kind was scarcely for a single day interrupted. Numerous fresh graves were, meanwhile, constantly being dug in the cypress-shaded cemeteries, and the hired reciters of the Koran seemed, to most observers, more than usually active, as well as hoarse and husky in their avocation; yet, not withstanding these alarming signs, and the frequent loss of many familiar faces in every public haunt and favorite resort, there was still no panic, save, as we have already said, among the Franks.

To use a common English phrase, no one, looking merely at the conduct of the Turks, would have *dreamt* that the plague was at work within the city of Smyrna. *Dreamt*, do we say?

Aye, we are dreamers all, in some sense; still, few have yet dreamt as Selim of Smyrna is recorded to have done at this sad period of the plague. Listen! BISMILLAH! Selim the slipper-seller tenanted a shop or *dukian* in the Papondj Bazar, and possessed a private residence in Turk Town, at the top of the steep hill in the vicinity of the Jew's cemetery.

When seated one morning in the bazar with his tempting wares around him, his immediate neighbor Murad observed that his friend's countenance was, contrary to its usual appearance for years past, excessively sad, and his heart evidently contracted. He remembered also, at the same moment, that for some days Selim had been frequently absent from his *dukian*, and had, before going away, unaccountably neglected more than once to throw the protective over his unwatched goods. And *his* stock of red, white, yellow, blue and black *papoudjes* was by no means the least valuable in the bazar, one indeed offering great temptation to the dishonest. So, shifting his own position a little more to the front, and there comfortably recrossing his legs, Murad addressed his friend with a tone enough to bring his single gray eye—for Murad had lost the other by ophthalmia—to bear full upon the countenance and uncombed beard of Selim.

"*Bana-bak!* look here," cried Murad; upon which Selim raised his head, and ceased counting the beads of the *tesbih* or rosary he happened at the moment to be passing through his seven fingers.

"So it is, Jem, and suppose we put something in it?"

And as he spoke he took the parchment from his pocket and laid it carefully in the drawer.

Jem stared.

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"Come," he said hoarsely. "We've been dreaming."

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TO BE CONTIN

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

BONES IN THE CIGAR BUSINESS.
BY JEAN E. FORRESTAL.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Bones, what was you doing the other day standing so majestically straight in front of Pete Knoker's cigar store?

BONES.—Oh! I war jis' gittin' 'nishated in de cigar business.

INT.—Getting initiated in the cigar business.

BONES.—Yas; Pete's Injun got in trubbel de udder night, 'n Pete sated me of I wouldn't be Pompey till de udder feller got rejuvenated.

INT.—Ah! and I suppose you like that business, don't you?

BONES.—Yas; and ——

INT.—Excuse me, Bones; how does Pete do about leaving his store alone when he goes out?

BONES.—Oh, he leabe his wife dar.

INT.—Is she pretty, Bones?

BONES.—Yas; but she wouldn't be much of she hadn't de money Pete *leaves to back her.*

TAMBO.—*S'muff* said.

BONES *(sneezing).—Scotch*—you.

INT.—Why, what is the matter, gentlemen?

BONES.—*Snuffin'.*

INT.—What are you sneezing for, Bones?

TAMBO.—*Make-er-boy* tell, Sam. He knows.

FIRST SINGER.—Madre dios, senor.

BONES.—*'Ere-spany-hol' on.* We don't want no furrin' *pipes* in dis yer debate. I'se got it all *cut and dry*, en ef you'll jes hol' on a minnit I'll talk it equal to *Henry Clay.*

INT.—Well, he must certainly shut the store up once in a while; for instance, last week he went to St. Louis, and his wife accompanied him. What did he do about the store then?

BONES.—Oh! he jis locked de store up, en took de *Key-west* wid him. *Short* trips he makes.

INT.—How old is Pete, Bones?

BONES.—Well, he may be a *Century*, but I think he is still on the *Sunny Side* of forty.'

INT.—Well, you may light out now, while Senor Carero sings

Out in the Moonlight.
BY ROBERT MCKAY.

Out in the moonlight, down where the streamlet
Sings as it flows to the far distant sea,
Over the heather, often together,
Joyously wanders my sweetheart with me.
No one is near us to overhear us
Vowing to ever be constant and true;
No one can see us—nice 'tis to be us,
Billing and cooing like little doves do.
Chorus.—Billing and cooing,
Billing and cooing,
With one you know loves you dearly and true;
Billing and cooing,
Billing and cooing,
Is something I like very much—don't you?

Wh honeyed kisses, loving caresses,
Hours glide by, though but moments they seem;
Then homeward straying, fondly delaying,
Waking as 'twere from a heavenly dream.
Oh, what are pleasures bought by earth's treasures
Compared to happiness true hearts can find
In leafy bowers, where, 'mid the flowers,
Cupid, the blind god of love, is enshrined!
Chorus.—Billing and cooing, etc.
Author's rights reserved.

THE LAFAYETTE THEATRE, NEW YORK, IN 1838.

Tony Pastor, the well-known comic vocalist and manager, sends us the bill of which the appended is a copy. A few words concerning this theatre may prove interesting to our younger readers. It was first opened July 4, 1825, under the management of its owner, C. W. Sandford, and was then known as the Lafayette Amphitheatre. It was situated upon the westerly side of Laurens street, now called South Fifth-avenue, about one hundred feet north of Canal street. Its name was changed to the Lafayette Theatre in 1826. It was entirely rebuilt during 1827, and was then acknowledged to be the largest and handsomest theatre in the Union. It was reopened Sept. 29 of that year. On April 11, 1829, a fire which originated in a neighboring building communicated to the theatre and caused its total destruction. It was never rebuilt. Of those in the cast, which included the dramatic and equestrian corps, our records are somewhat meagre. Mr. Somerville was lost at sea. Mr. Stickney, if the actor of that name, died in this city in 1840. We think that Mrs. Fisher was the lady who afterwards became Mrs. E. N. Thayer, and died in Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1873. There were two Misses Eberles—Sophia, who married Charles La Forrest, and is now living in retirement in Philadelphia, and Elizabeth, who married Wm. Kent, and died in Cincinnati, O., July 21, 1850. William Dinneford died in Panama Dec. 8, 1851. We have no record of Samuel Tatnall's death. If the Mr. Richards who played Captain Seymour in the opening piece and Ichander in "El Hyder" was Davis Richards the equestrian, he was killed in St. Petersburg, Russia, in Nov., 1867. Miss Tilden subsequently married Walter Williams, clown in West's circus company; was soon after divorced, then married Charles Bernard, and afterwards Mr. Tucker, a physician in Philadelphia, and retired from the stage. She died in the last-named city some years ago. Mrs. William Pelby died on board the steamship Northern Light en route from San Francisco, Cal., to this city in June, 1850. Miss Ophelia Pelby afterwards became Mrs. Anderson, and died in Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 26, 1852. Harry Eberle died in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15, 1842. David Eberle also died there Sept. 8, 1864.

LA FAYETTE THEATRE.
Laurens street, near Canal street.
SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12, 1838.

The entertainment of the evening will commence with the comic farce of

THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

Capt. Seymour	Mr. Richards
Mr. Calloney	Mr. Doyne
Mr. Frost	Mr. Somerville
Mertoch Delaney	Mr. Duff
Edward	Mr. Bernard
Cymon	Mr. Stickney
Louisa	Mrs. Fisher
Caroline	Miss Eberle
Cubba	Mrs. Ford

After which the following songs:
THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER...by...MR. SOMERVILLE
HUNTING SONG.....by.....MISS EBERLE

The evening's entertainments to conclude with the grand equestrian drama of

EL HYDER.

El Hyder, chief of the Gaut Mountains (second time this season)	Mr. Thompson
Hamet, usurper of the throne	Mr. Dinneford
Abensellah, keeper of the harem	Mr. Fisher
Mat Mizen, an American sailor	Mr. Tatnall
Harry Clifton, an American midshipman	Mr. Richards
Ben Tareb	Mr. Stickney
Ichander	Mr. Richards
Nilauf	Mr. Herbert
Omar	Mr. Collins
The Princess Zada	Mrs. Pelby
Prince Cheredin, her son	Miss Pelby
Mina	Miss Eberle
Orissa	Mrs. Morgan
Ladies of the harem	Miss E. Eberle and Mrs. Conlon

ACT I—SCENE I.—A valley near the City of Delhi occupied as an outpost—Tents and rockets—Guns with cannon—men and horses reposing in picturesque attitudes. [Jones.] SCENE II.—Outside of a Hindoo cottage. SCENE III.—Grand triumphal arch [Grain], erected in honor of Hamet's victory, through which is seen a picturesque view of the City of Delhi. [Jones.] This scene will extend the whole length of the stage, being upwards of 120ft. deep—Grand military procession, full band, consisting of thirty-four performers in new and appropriate costume—Hamet's royal standard — Hamet's body-guard mounted on horses superbly caparisoned—Turkish banners, spearmen, banners, household troops, allied banners, janisaries, banners, rear guard—Hamet, in a splendid triumphal car, drawn by six beautiful horses—Princess Zada and her son in chains.

ACT II—SCENE I.—State apartment of the palace. SCENE II.—Exterior of the north wing of the harem. SCENE III.—Aparten in the harem, in which will be introduced a grand combat of four. SCENE IV.—Romantic bridge—The prince rescued from the dagger of Ben Tareb. SCENE V.—Romantic pass and guard-house—Critical situation of the young prince. This act terminates with the escape of Cheredin.

ACT III—SCENE I.—An extensive jungle—Horses and men in ambush. SCENE II.—View near the Gaut Mountains. SCENE III AND LAST.—Grand battle on horse and foot, and the piece concludes with the death of Hamet and triumph of El Hyder.

Boxes, 50c.; children, half price; pit, 25c. Doors open at half-past 6 o'clock. Performance to commence at half-past 7 o'clock precisely. Tickets can be taken at the box-office from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., and from 4 to 6 P. M. Tickets received only on the night for which they are purchased. A limited number of tickets will be issued for the pit.

LOOSE AND CARELESS.
TO R. MCKAY, BY G. B. HARCOURT.

Bother fashion, that's my motto;
Loose and careless is my plan;
Ease, not elegance, I study,
'Tis not dress that makes the man.
Fellows sporting five-cent Cubas
Ape the fashion in every way;
If I smoke, I smoke tobacco,
And I like it in my clay.
Chorus.—Loose and careless, that's my motto;
Loose and careless is my way;
Loose and careless, bold and fearless,
Never cheerless—hip-hoo-ray!

Though I'm careless in my manner,
Of myself I take good care;
Number one I look well after—
Friends, I find, are very rare.
If my coat be loose, my morals,
I sincerely trust, are right;
'Tis not what a man is wearing
Makes him either loose or tight.
Chorus.—Loose and careless, etc.

If I'm careless of loose money,
I'm not careless if I see
That a dollar may be aiding
Some sad cause of misery;
If I'm careless of my tailor,
If my hair be crop or curled,
I'm not careless of my audience,
Though I'm careless of the world.
Chorus.—Loose and careless, etc.

AN OLD ENGLISH CIRCUS BILL IN 1829.

Frank Whittaker kindly sends us a bill printed upon satin, of which a copy is given below. We think that Monsieur Cline is the well-known tight-rope performer who made his first appearance in this country at the Bowery Theatre, in this city, May 12, 1828, under the title of Seiltanzer Herr Cline. He was a daring and dextrous performer, and his feats were unrivaled until the appearance of the Ravel Family. Mr. Cline retired from the profession many years ago, and is still living in this city. He amassed a fortune by his professional labors in this country, the bulk of which he lost by the failure of the United States Bank.

ENTIRE CHANGE OF PERFORMANCE.
NEW CIRCUS, BRIDGE-PLACE, SHREWSBURY.
THIS PRESENT WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1829,
and every evening till further notice, the performance will commence with a favorite ballet-dance called
THE GRETNA GREEN BLACKSMITH, OR THE CALEDONIAN LOVERS.
Principal characters by Messrs. Avery, Lloyd, Bertelle, Levair, Peters, Moon, Smith, Parry, Mrs. Moon and Miss Jones.

TIGHT-ROPE BY MONSIEUR CLINE,
who will particularly exert himself, and throw a number of somersets, etc.
FEATS OF EQUESTRIANISM BY THE CELEBRATED MISS WILMOT.
Her first appearance on horseback.
THE FLYING TROOP OF VOLTIGEURS
will go through their extraordinary leaps.
A FLYING ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP BY MR. AVERY,
from Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, London.
A COMIC SONG BY MR. BERTELLE.
The whole to conclude with a new serious ballet of action called
PONATOO THE SAVAGE, OR BRITISH TARS TRIUMPHANT.
INDIANS.

Ponatoo	Mr. Ryan
Kaskoo	Mr. Levair
Kahoo	Mr. Williams
The Hordes	Messrs. Parry, Peters, Leigh, Williams, Bater, etc.
	ENGLISH.
Capt. Sydney	Mr. Avery
Sailors	Messrs. Harris, Roberts, Willis, Thomas, Jones, Smith, etc.
Sailor boy	Miss E. Harris
Mrs. Sydney, the captain's wife	Mrs. Moon
Attendants, etc.	Mesdames Parry, Harris, Levair, Peters, etc.

Places for the boxes may be taken at Mr. Carswell's, Mawdel-head; tickets may also be had at Mr. Howell's, bookseller, High street; at Mr. Purslow's, opposite the Lion Inn, and at the Circus. Doors to be open at six, and the performance to begin at seven.

Boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Half-price will be taken for children under 12 years of age for the boxes. Silver tickets for the season may be had on application to the managers, as they intend issuing twenty.

A CENTENNIAL DREAM.
BY HARRY BENNETT.

As I sat in my easy chair last night,
Watching the fire's flickering light,
I thought, in a sort of half-dreamy way,
Of things that are happening every day.
And soon I fell into a quiet doze,
When before my eyes a strange vision arose—
I thought that the great Centennial was here,
And the people I saw were very queer;
First Moody and Sankey appeared on the scene,
With clegs on their feet, and suits of bright green;
They danced a hornpipe, and tumbled about,
Till Moody gave up with a twinge of the gout.
Next, Ward Beecher in my dream took a part,
And turned six somersaults over the centennial bell;
Then President Grant went on the trapeze,
Turned eighteen flip-flaps, and fell on his knees;
Billy Courtwright rode on a half-starved nag,
Giving out tracks from his old "Flew's" bag.
Brother Sherman stood, with a tearful eye,
Imploring Moulton to treat to old rye.
Bill Allen his old "rag baby" did bring,
And with Vicky Woodhull he danced a fling;
Off on one side was Butler the "spooney,"
Dancing a reel with little Pat Rooney.
Kernell came in on a terrible spree,
And told John Hart "not to give it a wee."
Then Big Six came in—the once fameus "Boss"—
And sang a duet with young Charley Ross.
Sweet Susan Anthony stood on the floor,
And with her jokes kept the house in a roar.
Tony Pastor sang "Ta, ta, Baby Dear,"
And Tennie C. Claflin walked in on her ear.
The ghost of Tom Collins appeared in white,
And went 'round the room looking for light.
John Raymond raw turnips gave to the band,
While Scanlon and Cronin stood "Hand in Hand."
Sam Rickey was there, with "John Wild's Old Man;"
Barry kept time with his "Alabazan."
Allen was "Schneider" than ever before,
And John Thompson was 'On Hand" at the door.
Harrigan and Hart dressed in "Blue and Gray,"
And evidently both had been "Led Astray."
Sam Sanford was seated on a high throne,
And played "Little Sweetheart" on the jawbone.
Dick Carroll danced till he quite lost his mind,
And dared Gus Williams to "Pull Down the Blind."
George Knight made love to Hengler's "Sweet Aleen,"
And Ad. Kyman tried to eat a whole scene.
They kept up their frolic an hour or more,
When, to my surprise, I heard a great roar.
The floor gave way, and they all tumbled in,
Filling the air with a terrible din.
I jumped from my chair with a fearful scream,
And found I'd had a Centennial dream.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION Of "Richard II" in America.

During the past few weeks we have published a number of accounts of the production of this tragedy, and we now think we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of a bill of the first performance of "Richard II" in America. It certainly antedates all previous records. It was first acted in this city at the Park Theatre, Feb. 27, 1819, and produced during the engagement of the late J. W. Wallack. By the appended bill it will be seen that it had been acted in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 22, 1819, also during a star engagement played by the late Mr. Wallack, who closed his engagement there with the performances of Monday evening, Feb. 1. These facts we have ascertained by the perusal of a bound file of bills of the Philadelphia Theatre, extending from Nov. 5, 1818, until March 1, 1819, kindly loaned us by Manager Henry C. Jarrett of this city. The Philadelphia Theatre was located on Chestnut street, near the northwest corner of Sixth, and was first opened Feb. 17, 1794, and destroyed by fire Sunday evening, April 2, 1820. The Chestnut-street Theatre occupied its site for many years. James W. Wallack died in this city Dec. 25, 1864, Mr. Hughes died in 1825, William Warren died in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, 1832; he was the father of the present popular Boston comedian of the same name. William B. Wood died in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23, 1861; John Darley also died there in 1858. George Barrett died in this city Sept. 5, 1860; Frederick Wheatley died in Philadelphia in 1836, T. Jefferson also died there in 1824; William Francis died in the same city in 1826; Mrs. Darley also died there in 1848; Mrs. Jefferson also died there in Jan., 1831; Thomas Hughes died in Baltimore, Md., June 6, 1825; John Herbert died in Boston in 1835; Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of the present comedian of that name, died in Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 6, 1832; Mr. Blissett returned to England in 1822; Mrs. Henry Wallack died in New Orleans, La., April 10, 1836.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.
MR. WALLACK'S EIGHTH NIGHT.
FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 22, 1819,
will be presented as historical play, never before performed in America, called
KING RICHARD THE SECOND,
written originally by Shakespeare, altered by R. Wroughton, and as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury lane, with great applause.

King Richard the Second	Mr. Cooke
Duke of York	Mr. Hughes
Duke of Gaunt	Mr. Warren
Duke of Norfolk	Mr. Barrett
Earl of Salisbury	Mr. Abercrombie
Earl Berkley	Mr. Jefferson
Earl of Northumberland	Mr. Wheatley
Harry Percy	Mr. T. Jefferson
Sir Stephen Scroop	Mr. Scrivener
Bolingbroke	Mr. Wood
Duke of Aumerle	Mr. Wallack, jr.
Bagot	Mr. Hadwell
Ross	Mr. Carter
Willoughby	Mr. King
Gardener	Mr. Burke
Groom	Mr. Francis
Queen	Mrs. Darley
Blanche	Mrs. Jefferson
	Ladies, etc., etc.

After which (third time here) the new farce of
THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT,
performed in London with universal applause.

Dr. Vinculo	Mr. Burke
Farmer Bruno	Mr. Herbert
Rinaldo	Mr. T. Jefferson
Officers, etc.	Martin, etc.
Mr. Jefferson	
Gabriotto	Mr. Blissett
Yaldo	Mr. Scrivener
Nouns	Mrs. Jefferson
Signora Francesca	Carter and King

On SATURDAY, the comedy of "THE WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET." Don Felix by Mr. Wallack.

In preparation, a new petite opera, written by James Arnold, Esq., author of "The Woodman's Hut," "Devil's Bridge," etc., in which Mr. Wallack will perform the character originally acted by him in London.

In preparation, a new grand drama, translated from the French, called "Accusation, or the Family of D'Anglade," with new scenery, dresses and decorations.

Box, $1; pit, 75c.; gallery, 50c. The doors will be opened at quarter past 5, and the curtain rise quarter past 6 o'clock.

"THE PINK OF PERFECTION."
DEDICATED TO BEN GILFOIL, SONG-AND-DANCE.
BY THOR DUTTON.

Behold in me a nobby swell—
I loom up here quite flash;
My object's known to every one—
I'm here to cut a dash.
I move in high society,
My living is most grand,
I rank among the noblest,
And the noblest in the land.
Chorus.—I'm the pink of perfection, [*Break.*]
And this is my reflection; [*Break.*]
Just gaze on the pink of perfection; wherever I go
The ladies admire and call me their beau;
From the North to the South, from the East to the West,
The darlings all love me and say I'm the best.

At night I hold my revelry,
And have my feast of fun;
In singing or in dancing
My style can't be undone;
In dress, the ladies like my taste,
My orgin's complete,
And each time I appear to you
With pleasure you will greet—
Chorus.—The pink of perfection, etc.

THE ONLY TIME
The Three Brothers Booth Ever Acted Together.

Through the courtesy of Manager William Stuart, now of the Park Theatre, and Chandos Fulton, we are enabled to present our readers with a copy of a bill of performances given for the benefit of the Shakespeare Statue Fund. The statue of William Shakespeare has since been finished, and set up in Central Park. John S. Clarke was fulfilling a star engagement in the theatre at the time, and generously gave up the night. He is now acting in Cincinnati. The bill will be seen by the underlining that Edwin Booth commenced an engagement on the following night, acting Hamlet, which he performed for one hundred consecutive nights. J. G. Hanley died in Williamsburg, L. I., Aug. 9, 1869. Junius Brutus Booth and Edwin Booth are both before the public as stars. John Wilkes Booth died April 26, 1865. Charles Kemble Mason died in Brooklyn, L. I., July 11, 1875. Thos. S. Cline died in New Orleans, La., Nov. 26, 1870. All of the others, we believe, are still living.

WINTER GARDEN.
Manager..... Mr. W. Stuart | Stage-manager..J. H. Hanley
BOOTH BENEFIT FOR THE SHAKESPEARE STATUE FUND.

Mr. Stuart has pleasure in announcing that, owing to the generous zeal and untiring devotion of MR. EDWIN BOOTH, a performance will be given at this theatre, on
FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1864
(Mr. J. S. Clarke having kindly ceded that evening for the occasion), for the Benefit Fund to raise a statue to Shakespeare in the Central Park, being the second benefit for that object at this theatre.

The evening will be made memorable by the appearance in the same piece of the three sons of the great Booth,
JUNIUS BRUTUS,
EDWIN AND
JOHN WILKES,
"Fili Patri Digno Digniores."

who have come forward with cheerful alacrity to do honor to the immortal bard from whose works the genius of their father caught its inspiration, and of many of whose greatest creations he was the best and noblest illustrator the stage has ever seen.

The play selected for the occasion is the tragedy of
JULIUS CÆSAR.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH as	CASSIUS
EDWIN BOOTH as	BRUTUS
JOHN WILKES BOOTH as	MARC ANTONY
Julius Cæsar, first appearance	Mr. E. Varrey
Casca, first appearance	Mr. C. K. Mason
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. C. Wolcot Jr
Trebonius	Mr. S. K. Chester
Decius	Mr. J. W. Burgess
Metellus	Mr. F. S. Cline
Titinius	Mr. C. S. Thomas
Cinno	Mr. J. Duell
Varro	Mr. D. Johnstone
Pendarius	Mr. E. Post
Soothsayer	Mr. P. Evans
Popilius Lena	Mr. N. Decker
Servius	Mr. W. F. Burroughs
Flavius	Mr. B. F. Williams
Lucina	Miss Fanny Prestige
First Plebeian	E. A. Eberle
Second Plebeian	O. S. Fawcett
Third Plebeian	A. E. Anderson
Fourth Plebeian	S. Oliver
Portia	Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau
Calphurnia	Mrs. C. Wolcot, Jr.
Guards, lictors, matrons, virgins and plebeians.	

Mr. Stuart trusts those of the public who have paid high prices for their seats will remember that, in addition to the value they receive in intellectual enjoyment, they are contributing to a great national work, and not to the personal advantage of any individual.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Robert Stoepel, will perform Overture, "Semiramide," Rossini; selections from "La Jutre," Halevy; "Struensee," poloniaise, Meyerbeer; Grand March from "Lohengrin," R. Wagner; "Dinerah," Mazourka, Meyerbeer.

SATURDAY, NOV. 27, OPENING NIGHT OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF EDWIN BOOTH.

Mr. Stuart begs to announce that, on Saturday evening, Nov. 26, Mr. Edwin Booth will make his first regular appearance this season in the play of "HAMLET."

The piece will be placed on the stage, under the immediate direction of Mr. Booth, by Mr. J. G. Hanley, stage-manager, in a style, it is hoped, combining splendor of production with strict historical correctness. The play has been in active preparation for the last three months, and no expense or effort has been spared in the endeavor, by a more strictly pictorial arrangement of the ordinary stage resources, and by the fidelity and superior execution of the several means of scenic illusions, to carry out the spirit of the play into the most minute details, and thus advance the drama as a branch of national literature and art. The scenery, music, costumes, properties and machinery will be entirely new, and, to give completeness to the ensemble, engagements have been made with MRS. J. WALLACK JR., one of the most gifted actresses who ever graced the stage, MR. EDWIN VARREY, Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE MASON, and the eminent comedian Mr. THEO. PLACIDE, all of whom will make their first regular appearance for many years on the New York stage on that occasion.

Seats may now be secured for Saturday and every evening.

HIT HIM AGAIN.—Some men were talking athletics the other night, and bragging rather. One young fellow in particular was evidently conceited about his pugilistic prowess. "I put the gloves on with a man thirty pounds heavier than myself last Tuesday," he said; "not a bad sparrer either, and, curiously enough, I caught him on the nose with my left, and sent him clean over on the broad of his back." A middle-aged man who was finishing his cigar and cold-and-brandy in the corner, and had hitherto made no remark, now observed that he could well understand it; "for," said he, "I knocked an elephant down last week." The young man did not believe him; but he spoke the truth. He was an auctioneer at Barnum's sale.

BASEBALL.

THE CENTENNIAL RULES.
SECOND ARTICLE.

Having disposed of the "First Rule" in the game, which refers to the "materials," we come next to the "Second Rule," which applies to the game itself. The first pertinent query which presents itself is, Has the time arrived for the adoption of the ten-men-and-ten-innings rule? That this rule will ultimately prevail, we have not the least doubt; and it seems to us an appropriate time to adopt it in the centennial year. Under the ruling more freedom to the batsman—which in an ensuing article we shall advocate—larger scores than the average of 1875 will probably be one result; and to offset this it seems advantageous to introduce the tenth man—right short—and add the tenth inning. However, we leave the subject at present. In presenting the rules of the Centennial Code of 1875 we shall word it for a nine-men-and-nine-innings game; and then, if there should be a majority in favor of ten men and ten innings, the change in the wording can readily be introduced.

RULE II.—THE GAME.
THE INNINGS.

SECTION 1.—The game shall consist of nine innings to each side, when, at the close of such number of innings, should the record of runs scored be equal, the play shall be continued until a majority of such runs, upon an equal number of innings, shall be declared, which shall conclude the game. All innings must be concluded at the time the third hand is put out.

NO GAME.

2. Under no circumstances shall a game be considered as played, or a ball be claimed or delivered as the trophy of victory, unless five innings on each side shall have been played, or, should darkness or rain intervene before the third hand is put out in the closing part of the fifth inning of a game, the umpire shall declare "no game."

DRAWN GAMES.

3. Whenever a game of five or more innings on each side is stopped by darkness, rain or other such causes, and the score at the time is equal on the even innings played, then the game shall be declared drawn. *Also, when more than five innings have been played, and one of the contesting sides shall have completed their inning, and the other side shall have equaled their adversaries' score in their incompleted inning, and the game cannot be fairly continued to the close of an even inning, in such case the game shall be regarded as drawn. But under no other circumstance shall a draw be declared.*

There is no just reason why the rule which applies to incompleted innings in reference to winning a game should not equaly apply in the case of a drawn game. For instance, if the score of the A side at the end of the eighth inning of a game is 1 to 0, and the A side go to the bat and fail to add to their score in their ninth inning, and the B side in their ninth inning score 1 run, and then darkness prevents the completion of the inning, they have just as fairly the right to the claim of a drawn match as they would have to a victory had they scored 2 runs in their incompleted inning, which they now can do under the existing rules. It will be seen by the italics in above section where the wording has been amended.

IRREGULAR GAMES.

4. No ball shall be claimed or delivered (except as otherwise provided in these rules) unless it be won in a regular match-game; and no match-game shall be considered regular if any of the rules of the game be violated by either of the contesting nines, whether by mutual consent or otherwise.

FORFEITED GAMES.

5. Whenever a match game shall have been determined upon between two clubs, play shall be called at the exact hour appointed; and should either party fail to produce their players within thirty minutes thereafter, the party so failing shall admit a defeat, and shall forfeit the ball to the club having their nine players on the ground ready to play, and the game so forfeited shall be considered as won, and so counted in the list of matches; and the winning club shall be entitled to a score of nine runs to none for any game so forfeited. Should the delinquent club, however, fail to play on account of the recent death of one of its active members, or of *the parents of any of the club players*, or from an unavoidable accident, no such forfeiture shall be declared.

The amendment to this section is in italics, and covers just such a case as that of the death of Ferguson's father, which occasioned the postponement of the Athletic-Hartford game, which the former claimed as forfeited.

NO PLAY IN RAIN.

6. Should rain commence to fall during the progress of a match-game, the umpire shall promptly note the time it began to rain; and should rain continue for five minutes, he shall, at the request of *either or both sides*—or *otherwise*—suspend play; and such suspended game shall not be resumed until, in the opinion of the umpire, the ground is in fit condition for fair fielding.

The insertion of the italicised words seems necessary to a completion of the section, so as to leave the matter of stopping play on account of rain entirely in the hands of the contesting nines.

CALLING "PLAY."

7. When the umpire calls "play," the game must at once be proceeded with, and the party failing to take their appointed positions in the game within five minutes thereafter shall forfeit the game. All such forfeited games shall be recorded as won by a score of nine runs to none, and the game so won shall be placed to the credit of the nine ready to continue play. When the umpire calls "time," play shall be suspended until he calls "play" again, and during the interim no player shall be put out, base be run, or run to base.

SUSPENDING PLAY.

8. The umpire in any match shall determine when play shall be suspended; and, if the game cannot be fairly concluded, it shall be decided, if in favor of either, at equal innings played; unless one nine shall have completed their innings, and the other nine shall have exceeded the score of the nine which has completed their innings, in which case the nine having the largest score shall be declared the winners; also, in all games terminating similarly, the total score obtained shall be recorded as the score of the game.

The application of the last clause in the above section is as follows: Suppose the A Club close their eighth inning with a score of 5 to 1, and the B Club do not score but one inning, making the score 5 to 1, but add 10 runs to their score with but one player out, and the game be "called," the score of the game under such circumstances would not be 5 to 1, but 15 to 1.

ENDING A GAME.

9. When the umpire "calls" a game, it shall end; but when he merely suspends play for any stated period, it may be resumed at the point at which it was suspended, provided such suspension does not extend beyond the day of the match.

Umpires should be careful when occasions require them to suspend play or to end a game; as to say "I call this game," is to legally end it; but simply to say "I suspend this game," is to admit of its being resumed at some time prior to the period of darkness of the day the game was commenced. No game should be interrupted one day and resumed the next. This the rules have always properly prohibited.

LOSING THE BALL.

10. *Should the ball played with in a match-game be lost during the progress of the game, after it has been struck by the batsman, the umpire shall call for a new ball after the expiration of five minutes, and such new ball shall be supplied by the club which provided the lost ball.*

The above is an entirely new section, and it covers a point of play which should long since have been provided for. For instance, suppose that two nines have closed the eighth innings of a game with a score of 1 to 1, that the ninth inning be in progress, and that one side have scored a sufficient number of runs in the first part of the ninth inning to make a victory nearly certain, and the other side are in at the bat while pushing the finish for the tying score, but have little time left before darkness will set in; in such case, a long-hit ball to an outfield covered with high grass or brush would render a lost ball a certainty, or perhaps the ball might be hit into a pond, in either case necessitating important loss of time to enable the nines to find the ball or getting at it. By the new section only five minutes would be wasted, whereas without such provision for a lost ball, the field-side would have an opportunity for delaying the game so as to prevent their opponents equaling their score, thereby turning a victory into a drawn game.

AWARDING THE PENNANT.

On the night of Nov. 26 the Championship Committee met at Boston to award the championship pennant for 1875. The committee is composed of Messrs. Wright, Bulkeley and Davidson. The latter member of the committee was unable to be in attendance, and the majority of what little work there was to do fell upon the committee, by the championship code, can only award the pennant on the basis of the official records sent in to them by the different clubs. Of these only the Boston, Hartford, Athletic, St. Louis and Mutual sent in records, and on these only was the award made. The Chicago and Philadelphia clubs both failed to send, and therefore their games were not counted. The award was, therefore, made on the basis of the appended table:

	Boston.	*Hartford.*	*Athletic.*	*St. Louis.*	*Mutual.*	*Won.*
Boston	—	9	8	7	10	34
Hartford	1	—	4	5	8	18
Athletic	2	3	—	6	6	17
St. Louis	2	5	1	—	8	16
Mutual	0	2	3	1	—	6
	5	19	16	18	32	90

The Chicago played 51 games with the above clubs, and the Philadelphia 49 games, all of which would have been counted had the official record been sent in. The clubs had timely notice, and they should have attended to it. Had they been sent in time, it would have made no difference in regard to the position of the Boston Club, but the award as given above the Athletic Club takes third position. The rules of the championship code of the Professional Association governing the award of the pennant are as follows:

SEC. 1.—At the close of the championship season each contesting club in the arena shall send in to the Championship Committee a full record of the championship games played, won and lost by such club during the season; and said committee shall then examine the several records, and compare the same, and afterwards award the pennant in accordance with the code of championship rules. No record shall be received by said committee unless sent in within twenty days after the close of the championship season, and no award of the pennant shall be made except upon the basis of such legal records of the contesting clubs.

3. The championship pennant and gold medals shall be presented to the club declared champions by a majority vote of the Championship Committee, within thirty days from the date of the championship season.

The official report of the committee was simply as follows:

Voted, that the championship pennant for the season of 1875 be awarded to the Boston Baseball Club, said club having won the greatest number of games during the season of 1875, as appears by the records on file with the Championship Committee.

(Signed) HARRY WRIGHT, Boston B. B. Club.
M. G. BULKELEY, Hartford B. B. Club.
A majority of the Committee.

BASEBALL RECEIPTS.

How well honorable play in professional contests pays may be judged from the Chicago Club's appended financial exhibit of ninety-one championship games played in 1874 and 1875 with the five first-class Eastern clubs. Division of gate receipts on the basis of give and take 33⅓ per cent., valuing all tickets at 50 cents for adults, and 25 cents for children:

IN CHICAGO.

Philadelphia, 10 games; we paid them	$2,188
Athletic, 7 games; we paid them	2,000
Mutual, 8 games; we paid them	3,113
Hartford, 8 games; we paid them	1,565
Boston, 10 games; we paid them	6,585
Total—43 games	$15,725

IN EASTERN CITIES.

	Rec'd.
We played in Philadelphia with Philadelphia, 10	$1,408
We played in Philadelphia with Athletic, 9	920
We played in Brooklyn with Mutual, 9	1,134
We played in Hartford with Hartford, 10	991
We played in Boston with Boston, 10	2,136
Total—43 games	$5,789

Philadelphia, with two games, 12 games, $1,925.
Boston, with one club, 10 games, $2,136.
Hartford, average, $550.

With an expense of over $30,000 during 1875, the Chicago Club closed the season with a surplus of receipts over expenses of $3,170. The club pay $2,400 a year rent and taxes for their grounds. Things are different in Louisville, where the club has their ground rent free. The Boston Club lead all others on receipts for 1875.

STAR CLUB OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.—At a meeting held about Nov. 15, to reorganize this club, the following officers were elected: President, P. S. Ryder; first vice-president, Hamilton S. White; second vice-president, E. D. Lewis; treasurer, C. A. Bridgman; secretary, George S. Hier; board of directors, P. S. Ryder, J. B. Sherlock, F. A. Marsh, Robert W. Getz, and John T. Town. At the adjournment, the directors held a meeting and elected G. W. Brackett, late of the Live Oaks of Lynn, Mass., manager. Mr. Brackett has engaged the following players: Ed. McGlynn, catcher, from Live Oak of Lynn; Henry McCormick of the Star of Syracuse, as pitcher; Moore of the Atlantic, as short stop; A. McKinnon of the Lowell, as 1d base; John Morrill of the Lowell, as 2d base; John Madden of the Live Oak, as 3d base; J. E. Pike of the Lowell, as left field; John Dunn of the Star, as centre-field; and Ed. Croscup of the Live Oak, as right field. The tenth man has not been selected.

CLUB RECORDS.
PASTIME OF ST. JOSEPH, MO.
VICTORIES.

May 8,	Pastime vs. Active of St. Joseph	25 to 10
May 20,	Pastime vs. Sumac of Platte City, Mo	51 19
June 2,	Pastime vs. Oak Leaf of St. Joseph	33 12
June 10,	Pastime vs. Atchison of Atchison, Kas	18 13
June 19,	Pastime vs. Picked Nine of St. Joseph	27 2
June 25,	Pastime vs. Atchison of Atchison, Kas	20 4
July 3,	Pastime vs. Picked Nine of St. Joseph and Savannah, Mo	14 3
July 17,	Pastime vs. Star of Savannah, Mo	32 7
July 31,	Pastime vs. Quincy of Quincy, Ill	13 8
Aug. 21,	Pastime vs. Oak Leaf of St. Joseph	29 15
Sept. 13,	Pastime vs. White Stock'gs of Kan's City	22 4
Sept. 25,	Pastime vs. White Stock'gs of Kan's City	27 9
Sept. 26,	Pastime vs. White Stock'gs of Kan's City	30 15
Sept. 29,	Pastime vs. Picked Ten of St. Joseph	37 10
Total runs		376 129

DEFEATS.

July 24,	Tropelian of Troy, Kas., vs. Pastime	16 14
July 31,	Quincy of Quincy, Ill., vs. Pastime	7 7
Aug. 12,	Red Sox (prof.) of St. Louis vs. Pastime	15 3
Aug. 14,	Red Sox (prof.) of St. Louis vs. Pastime	20 11
Aug. 19,	Quickstep of Council Bluffs, vs. Pastime	23 13
Aug. 30,	St. Louis of St. Louis vs. Pastime	17 0
Sept. 3

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistake.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Sallie (of Barnes' Co.)
Atkinson, Mrs. Josie
Arnold, Hattie
Antonino, Teresa
Atherton, Nellie
Allyne, Katie
Aiken, Blanche
Burton, Mrs. Alice (4)
Bradley, Leonora
Bailey, Ella (of Wildmas's Co.)
Bird, Mrs. Humphry
Belmont, Clara
Brandi, Lizzie
Brunell, Addie
Burke, Ione
Burch, Mrs. A. D.
Brooks, Alice S.
Clifton, Marion
Crabtree, Lotta
Carle, Leslie
Cawthorne, Mrs. J.
Campbell, Ida
Cooke, Mrs. Herbert
Celeste, Belle
Clare, Minnie
Cooper, Mrs. Jas. F.
Clare Sisters
Cope, Annette
Clifford, Emma
Carlisle, Ida
Cushing, Belle
Dearden, Fannie
De Lisle, Maude
Daniels, Ivy E.
Drayton, Allie
Daly, Leona
De Brent, Amy
Denton, Annie
Doyle, Minnie
De Vere, Emma
De Granville, Mlle.
D'Ormer, Mad. 10c.
Dunbar, Maude
Dalton, Mrs. Annie
Estelle, Lottie
Elberta, Kittie B.
Eldridge, Lillie 3c.
Edwin, May
Florence, Mena
Florence, Gertie
Fisk Co., Bus. Manager May
Francis, Lillie (velocipedist)
Fiske, Emma
Fitzpatrick, Mrs.
Glassford, Katie
Gaddis, Ada
Hardy, Lizzie (late of Pittsburg)
Hastings, Kate (of Hastings Bist.)
Hamilton, Mrs. Claude
Halpine, Kate
Henri, Flora
Helene, La Belle (2)
Hall, Lillie A.
Hollenshy, Ida
Hermann, Mrs. A.
Herbert, Miss L.
Herbert, Carrie
Hastings Sisters
Ilerd, Celia
Jackson, Mrs. Theodore
Knight, Fannie
Leslie, Nellie
La Verde, Mad.
Lamont, Mrs.
Leigh, Rose (dramatic "biz")
Loder, Minnie
Lenton, Mrs. C.
Lenord, Anna
"Lurline," (Water Queen)
Lewis, Ida E.
Leon, Mrs. Nellie E.
Lawrence, Niti (of Fay Templeton Co)
Leslie, Jennie
Lehman, Mrs. A.
La Verde, Belle
Le Foy, Laura
Lyons, Cleary (song-and-dance)
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Lynn, Lora
Mordaunt, Marion (2)
McDonald, Flora
Moore, Clara
May, Fannie
Montague, Miss F.
Osborne, Fannie
Pierce, Emma
Palmer, Minnie
Palmer, Laura
Russell, Mrs. L. H.
Rena, Miss
Rainford, Alice
Raymond, Lillie
Robinson, Minnie (vocalist)
Snow, Lizzie (of Black Crook Co.) (2)
Swinburne, Marie
Stuart, Adelaide
Sothern, Jennie (3)
Sutherland, Agnes
Sheppards, Kittie
Sheldon, Ella (2)
Stanley, Maude
Somers, Alice
Saunders, Julia
Sidney, Fannie
Sarony, Clara
Ford's, Baltimore) (of
St. Clair, Sadie (vocalist)
Venus & Adonis Valade, Fannie
Whitney, Eva
West, Eva
Wurm, Marie
Western, Lucille
Wesner, Ella
Wren, Martha
Wyndham, Alice
Woods, Addie (of Woods' Sisters)
Ward, Lottie (with "Erin a theBr.")

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Adams, Grimaldi
Ashton, J. B.
Allen, H. (of Kellogg Co.)
Atwood, Capt. J. B.
Austin, A. S.
Alfredo, Louis
Ainsley, The
Allinson, J. W.
Armstrong, C. T.
Almonte, Chas.
Bowron, Mr.
Boyd, C. (of Boyd & Sarsfield)
Benedict, Charlie
Butler, Chas. W.
Bidell, I.
Beck, Geo. (with Kelly & Leon)
Breyer, W. T.
Burk, Maurice
Baker, P. F. (2)
Boyd, Chas.
Bowman, Jno.
Bradley, Geo.
Bell, Frank (of Rentz's Minst.)
Barlow, Milo G.
Bray, Walter
Burgess, Cool
Berger, Fred. G.
Bailey & Cooper's Cir., Manag. of
Bolus, Sig.
Buelli, S. C.
Brown, Chas. J.
Bryant, Nell
Boisot Family, Manager of Blossom Bros.
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Benedict, J. G.
Blossom, Jas.
Brand, T. H.
Benchor, G. W.
Bosworth, J. (of Kelly & Leon's Minst.)
Blossom, Nat
Blaisee, Frank (2)
Burr, A. C.
Burnham, W. H.
Boles, Thos. J.
Bush, I. T.
Benham, Harry (comed.)
Bernard, Gus A.
Blake, A. B.
Berger Family Bell-ringers
Barlow Bros.
Barton, Thos. (vocalist) (2)
Crane, W. A.
Colvin, E. D.
Campbell, J. K.
Chase, W. (with Washburn)
Collum, Andy
Courtright, Wm.
Conklin, Jno.
Coup, "Zack"
Casino, A. (gymnast)
Carr, Frank H. 6c.
Cobb, Willis
Castle, Fred.
Cassim, Jas.
Conway & Mack
Courtnier, C. (with Barnum)
Corigan, Robt. E.
Cole, A. (of Forepaugh's Cir.) 10c.
Carter, C. (of Lond. Sen. Co.)
Conroy, J. F.
Curtis, Frank I.
Cowles, T. G.
Craig, W. F.
Callender, Chas.
Crane, Mr. (of Norton Co.)
Connor, J. (of Connor & Kelly)
Chase, W. J. (of Cole's Cir.)
Clarke, Philo
Carl, Jambuse
Cooper, Mr. (of Cooper's Cir.)
Crane, Milt. (3)
Caufield, Geo. E.
Collins, Frank
Ducrow, Wm. J.
Durand, J. T.
Dayton, Thos.
Dumont, Frank
Derrain, Jno. (song and dance)
Dodge, Ben
De Haven, Claude
Dutton, W. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Dupree, Chas. H.
Daily, Robt.
Dunbar, Geo. W.
Devlin, R. (with MacEvoy)
Donnelle, J.
De Mott, Eugene J.
Dobson, Frank B.
Doyle, J. E.
Davis, David
Epstein, Harry
Eagan, J. R.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
Elliott, C. B.
Ellis, Chas. T.
Edwards, Matt
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Foster, Jno. W.
Frost, Jas.
Fish, J. Spencer
Findall, J. M. 6c.
Fish, Charles E. (3)
Fitz, Jno. D. (3)
France, S. C. (2)
Fowler, W. W. 6c.
Fenton, Jno.
Forepaugh, Adam "F. R. X."
Faustina, J.
Farron, J. J.
Forepaugh, A. J. (of Queen's Cir.)
Fergerson, Barney
Fenn, Thomas (of Howe's Cir.)
Farrell, Tony (Irish "biz")
Griste, Chas. B. (2)
Gaynor, Jas (banjoist) (2)
Goodman, Hank
Gray, Mark C.
Guy, Geo. Robt.
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Glassford, Walter
Goddard, Jno. (musician)
Gerow, Emile
Gaston, Albert
Gorman, R. (of Gorman & Rowe)
Gran, H. (manager)
Green, Jas. of Robins. Minst.)
Gruscher, Philip W. (2)
Gerry, D. S.
Gaylord, Low
Gomez, Jos. Bernard
Hill, Robt. Sale (2)
Hurtle, Wm. (clogist)
Hall, Mills (2) 15c.
Hogan, Jno (p. o. mark Canada)
Holland Bros.
Hastings, A. H. (2)
Hewett, — (with Peak Family)
Hanley, W. W. (2)
Hess, C. D. (2)
Howes & Cushing (2)
Holland, T. S.
Howard, G. C.
Hallums, Geo. F.
Herbert, Jas. W.
Hawk, Harry
Hine, Walter
Hart, Harry
Huntley, Wm. A.
Hayes, Jos. (of Howe, Cady & Huston, Edward
Harwood, W. E.
Hall, C. A.
Henizar, C. W.
Hatch, Sami.
Haywood, Thos.
Hough, Ed. D.
Howard, T. (of Fox's Pat. Co.)
Howard, Rollin
Homer, Geo. E.
Hieronymus, Carl
Harris, Lin (actor)
Hernandes, Arthur (3)
Hughes, Patrick
Hartley, Thos. (of Enoch Arden Co.)
Homer, Geo. R.
Howard, J. B.
Hight, H. (of Wallace Sist. Co.)
Heywood, — (of Heywood Bros.)
Irving, J. Edwin
Julian, Jas.
Jack, J. C.
Jordan, M. J.
Jones, Arnold
Kennedy, Dr. A. B
Kreba, Prof. Carl R
Kearie, Jos.
Kain, Jos. (late of Hamilton, O.)
Kent, Frank
Kirk & Drew
Kyle, Jno.
Kenny, J. C. (musician)
Kopp, Prof. (with Van Amburgh)
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels
Keene, Gus. (actor)
Kent, Chas.
Lannier, W. M.
Lowry, W. M.
Lavarak, Frank
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Leavitt's Bell-ringers, Manager of
Lewis, Arthur (of "Uncle Tom. Cab." Co.)
Lawior, W. (of Mac Evoy Bros.)
Little, C.
Lloyd, W. (lateof H. Lindley's Co.)
Lamb's Bur., Harry
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Leake, W. H.
Lucas, S. (with Callender)
Leppert, Fred. C.
Le Baron, Mons. (juggler)
Leavit, Harry
Lyons, Ed.
Lee, Mills.
Emoclew, Mons.
Leavitt, Benj. (of Rentz' Minst.)
Leadwood, Frank
Lee, H. C.
Lee, Lavater T.
Mayo, Lorenzo 4c.
Manager H.'
Montague, Harry
Mason, Dan
McIntyre, Jno.
McEwen, W. (of International Cir.)
Manning, Jno. (trapezist)
Meyers, O. P.
Moulton, Harry
McKay, Andy (3)
Mora, Carlo
Mack, J. W. (3) 6c.
Mackay, Frank (of "BlackCrook" Co.)
Mackley, Fred.
Murphy, Jno. E. (3)
Myers, Jno. H. G.
Monta, Ed.
Martino, Prof.
Mack, Geo. (of Opera Co., Rochester)
Malsch, Harry (oboeist)
Martella, Lew
Murdy, Saml.
McWade, Robt.
Mannon, —
Moulton, Jas. G.
Murdy, Saml.
Martin, Saml. (song-and-dance)
McCall, E. C.
Maas, Jas.
Maryon, Theophilus 10c.
Neary, Jas.
Nichols, J. (glassician)
Norman, Sam
Norton, J. S. (3)
Nelson, J. (of De Haven & Norton's Minst.)
Nathan, Jno. J.
Nichols, C. (of Buckley's Serg. Band)
Nobis, Jas. E. 17c.
Nash, Dani.
Noyes, C. W.
Newby, H. M.
Ogden, Josh E.
O'Leary, Jas. (musician)
Orrin, G. W.
Parker, Saml.
Page, A. D. (2)
Pandina Bros.
Poole, Thos.
Parker, Lewis
Price, Chas. F. (3)
Primrose, G. H.
Perkins, Frank
Pickert, Willie
Phillips, Jno.
Power, Law. A.
Poole Bros.
Quinton, Jas. J.
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Rowe, Geo. Fawcett
Reynolds, William
Rich, Jno. "biz")
Russell, Wm. F.
Rivers, Jno. (of Carrington & Clk.)
Richardson, Harry R.
Robinson, "Yankee"
Robbins, Burr
Raynor, Saml.
Rogers, Stephen
Roahr, Geo.
Radcliff, T. R.
Redmond & Devere
Robinson, Alex. (circus "biz")
Rogers, J. Birney
Roberts, Hugo
Western & Walling
Watkins, H. (Southern Circuit)
Wingfield, Jno.
Wheeler, Harry F.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wesley & Lacey
Williams, Prof. Sidney (2)
Ward, Wm. H.
Wagner, Jno. E. (agent)
Warner, Jno. E. (agent)
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Winnett, Thos.
Welling, W. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wallace, Jos. G.
Williams, L. Percy
Waldron, D. G.
Westfall, F. H.
Wiggins, T. A. (wizard)
Ward, Geo.
Willis, R. (with Wallace Sisters)
Williams, J. (of "Lancashire Lad")
Young, D. R.
Young, Chas. W. (comed.)
Sweeney, Jno.
Stickney, Robt.
Stanley, Ernest
Slocum, R. V.
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood Bros.)
Spencer, Charles (gymnast)
Showles, F. J.
Searle, Cyril 5c.
Sebastian, Romeo (2)
Sheridan, Jno. F.
Solmes, F. (of Fay Templeton Co.)
Seward, Prof. T. F.
Sias, W.
Springer, Andy
Shelley, Wm.
Shandley, Jas. J.
Simmonds & Wall
Strakosch, Max
Shepard, H. (song-and-dance)
Short, Prof. J.
Sleeper, H.
Saschber, C. (agent)
Sands, Geo. E.
Smith, W. (of Smith & Waldron)
Soules, S. Geo.
Simmons, Ned (scenic artist)
Smith, E. F. (with Callender)
Smith, J. G. (of International Cir.)
Sanyeah, Saml.
Shay, Charlie
Toomer, W. F. (26c.
Tyler, Geo. H. (3)
Talbott, Harry
Thompson, H. (variety "biz") (2)
Thatcher, Ned (song-and-dance)
Turner, Jno. F.
Turner, Jno.
Turner, Thos. (banjoist)
Thompson, Chas. T.
Vandenhoff, Chas. H.
Victorelli, Wm.
Varley, —
"Vige" (4)
Victorelli, Jno.
Von Brun, Hugo
Western & Walling
Watkins, H. (Southern Circuit)
Wingfield, Jno.
Wheeler, Harry F.
Wing, Chas. A.
Wesley & Lacey
Williams, Prof. Sidney (2)
Ward, Wm. H.
Wagner, Jno. E. (agent)
Warner, Jno. E. (agent)
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Winnett, Thos.
Welling, W. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wallace, Jos. G.
Williams, L. Percy
Waldron, D. G.
Westfall, F. H.
Wiggins, T. A. (wizard)
Ward, Geo.
Willis, R. (with Wallace Sisters)
Williams, J. (of "Lancashire Lad")
Young, D. R.
Young, Chas. W. (comed.)

Parties should say in the analogous term of the sayaan, who in the immense intricacies of the intellect circumvent the distinctive powers of the reasoning faculties, in the decade of immemorial thoughts, to wit: We may (transverse as the saithesis may seem) triumph to a certain extent in the realms of space, and extend to the unfortunate hypothesis of the present era a limited amount of basis for future discussion.

Yes, Jimmy; that's all of it. "Well, there's no joke into *that*. It appears to me that, ever since George Fox got a tittle of his oven keel, abovmen and that kind of people think it necessary to follow suit." But, James, there may be some noble sentiment underlying this mysterious structure, which only the deepest intellect may seek to fathom. "To my eye, inasmuch as *overlies* the suicidal what-is-it, and renders it null and void." Well, we'll let it go at that, rather than argue the question further.....Among the Pantaloons in George Tyler's "Humpty Dumpty" Troupe—for you must know that they have a full pair of them in that organization—is one of the spicy, saucy sort; and yet in the Niblo party we find one *Saucier*. [Ned Saucier is the name of the party referred to, though it is just possible that this explanation may not render the matter altogether unnecessary].....Notwithstanding Mr. Daly announces "Pique" as "a play of *to-day*," he doesn't intend to produce it until next week. And yet we may be mistaken in the manager's motive. It's fashionable to make mistakes. Dunham made a mistake when he let Tweed emerge from his sight, and *done 'em* at Hotel de Ludlow and elsewhere; and Hagan made a mistake when, in his desire to be clean, he washed his hands at the very moment when his hands should have *been clean;* but that unfortunate wash will *not* wash; and, like Macbeth, he will never be able to wash out the "damned spot," the stain which marks the hand; and yet it may be that, like the gentleman alluded to below:

HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.

"When I married you, Mary, I hoped to be blessed."
Have you found 'stead of happiness, some, the reverse?"
"When I wedded you, darling, I made a *mistake*—
I made a *mine take me* for better or worse."

.....In the language of a decade of years, permit us to ask: "Have you seen Sam?" Ah! the lapse of years may be a decade, but Francis Chanfrau's Sam is not decayed. No; he will shortly present "Sam" in all his bodily vigor and in all the charms that made him so popular in the past.....And here let us casually remark that the people who go to the theatre to be amused, and are, will *find their end attained*. ["Where does it come in? I can't see it." You'll find it, Jimmy, in the *end attained*. "I have perused it with an eye single to your reputation as a comical pundit, but the end is without point. Please explain." And yet *you* have been under the care of the Society for the Protection of Juvenile Delinquents. Now, if *you* see people *amused*, don't you suppose that they *find they're entertained?*.....] One cold and dreary night last week "Our Boys" went to see "Our Boys" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and he was so delighted with the accounts given by "Our Boys" of their sojourn in many lands, that for several days past he has been studying up the trees and things of Italy; and during his researches he has discovered that, at the time of the trouble between Othello and Desdemona, there wasn't a cricket *More in Venice!*.....Which goes to show how unequally things are divided in this world; for while the Globe has the *Nutt*, the Eagle has the *Kernell!* ["If you don't *crack* this *Nutt*, how are the people to get at the Kernell?" Why, James, you have settled that yourself. "Why, so I have!".....And baking about shells and kernels, reminds us that the Navy department in Washington, defective *shells* and *Colonels* are often *re-fused!*.....And here it becomes our pleasant duty to remind our readers *and* the public that THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will *not* be refused when once the people get a glimpse of its contents, which can be turned to the editorial page of this paper. This ALMANAC, like any other fixed fact, is not for a day, but for *all* times—the fastest recorded times, by the way. We are "working like Trojans" to have it ready early in the new year. Those who bought one copy of our ALMANAC for 1875 will invest in *two* copies of that for 1876, which show a commendable prudence and forethought, seeing that many who delayed gathering in the harvest last year mourned their loss on being informed, at last, that the entire editions were exhausted. We make no promise that we do not fulfill, and we place our ALMANAC at such a low figure that he who runs may read and be happy for the trifling cost of fifteen cents. ("That's no joke." No, James; that's *fact*—something that you take but little stock in. "Did you hear about that Indians Kerr?" Now, what should we know about curs? Isn't it sufficient that the ladies cultivate such creatures? "I mean K-e-double r, ker, Kerr; the man who accoussed Sam, the other night at the last Sunday day."...Ah, yes; and that is no joke for Sam. "Did you hear about ——" Now, James, *do bridle* your tongue a *bit*, or we shall get *stalled*.].....They're going to have another Greco-Roman wrestling show at the Grand Opera-house, and, though some people affect to know who will turn up the right *Bauer*, yet to others it is quite clear that the party from *Chrichi* down may be the *left* Bower. And yet "Our Jim" sagely suggests that we say to our readers: "Dont bet on nuthin'."....We stop the press to announce that in Auburn, N. Y., celebrated for its prison and insane asylum—though the latter found no favor in the eyes of Scannell—a child with four knees has just been born. To side showmen in need of curiosities this child ought to prove a friend in *k-eed*. [This is not *quite* so funny as we intended to make it, but it might be worse, considering that it is not a *knees* thing to make such a joke *off-hand*.]

...R. M. Carroll and his boys make a heavy drawing team at Tony Pastor's, although they are *not* descendants of Carroll of Carroll-ton.....No, Jimmy; the play you saw was not entitled "The American *Scold*;" neither was it dedicated to your grandlady. "The American's *Go'd* ' was the title.....Here's a go! Stage-manager Vincent of Booth's Theatre advertises for three hundred men, six feet and upward in height, to act as auxiliaries in the grand spectacle shortly to be produced there. Julius Cæsar! but we are short of men on this side of the Atlantic, true! Will applicants have to enter *bonds of high men* as security? Truly it shall be said of us, hereafter: "And there were giants in those days!" Why no, James; Mr. Vincent doesn't mean *stilled* performers!.....The Grand Jury did not include the Olympic Theatre when they presented *pool*-rooms as illegal places of public resort; but they are shortly to be the scene of "The Mighty Dollar," according to the Park Theatre announcements. Judging from the hard times in this city, there are thousands who long to see the *first* of the mighty dollar. It is not true that those who wish to see it have to visit Italy, although they may have to go to *Florence*.....It is to be hoped that those who discovered that it is better to invest their spare change in the Academy of Music than in savings banks, because in the former they are sure to receive legal *tender notes* for their money, while in the latter they meet with nothing but *checks*.....We have been terribly vexed and mystified on learning that Jim, "Pete" has asked his amateur correspondent out in Cheyenne how to get up a *fire scene*, replied by directing the inquirer to "have a house *painted* as if on fire, and then let it be *seen* by the spectators, and the ——you have yer *fire seen!*" All rights reserved." Yes, James, and *you* will have to be a little more reserved in future if you wish to continue to bask in the sunshine of our favor.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, the changes since our last report included "The Birds Will Come Again," sung by J. A. Barney; "Little Feet That Softly Patter," by W. Raymond; "That Pretty Girl With the Hood on," by Billy Birch; and "Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?" by Carl Rudolph, in the first-part. Billy Johnson and Powers were seen in a song and-dance called "The Tom-and-Jerry Twins;" Add Ryman once again mounted the stump and discussed "The School Question" in a humorous manner; Ricardo sang "Dreaming Eyes of Long Ago;" Billy Birch and Charley Backus performed a funny sketch entitled "Two Chaps;" Tom Brown gave a cornet-solo; and the sketch of "Life Uptown" was revived for the finale. Attendance fair.

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THE LIVING TABLEAUX at the Theatre Comique have caused a marked increase in the attendance. During the past week a new tableau, entitled "The Shower of Gold," was presented in addition to those exhibited during the previous week. The dialogue which hitherto accompanied them was dispensed with, and the tableaux were displayed separately at intervals during the variety olio. Wayne and Lovely performed for the first time, on Nov. 29, a new musical sketch called "Little Mary."

Although it contained no novelty beyond the words of the songs, it gave them an opportunity to introduce a number of single and double songs-and-dances, which were fully up to their well-known standard of excellence. We regret being obliged to chronicle the first introduction of an evil which at the present time holds great sway in the music halls in England. Most of the songs sung there are highly suggestive of indecency and vulgarity by means of *double entendre;* and if the words do not suggest such, then the performer is expected to furnish it by gestures or other means. The same songs find their way to this country, and are sung here by both male and female artists; but we are happy to state that the indecent or vulgar allusions are first carefully expunged. Upon the English variety stage the *double entendres*, we are informed, are not so delivered that the auditor can take his choice of what is meant; but the words are so emphasized that it is very evident that the indecent interpretation is intended. On Wednesday night last a performer (who, because of his limited experience here, may be ignorant of our habits and customs, and who therefore shall be nameless this time) —an excellent performer, by-the-by, and one in high favor upon the English stage—descended to this style of performance. This practice, "though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve," and should be nipped in the bud. Our variety theatres in this city and elsewhere are attended by ladies as well as gentlemen, and hitherto they have furnished a wholesome entertainment for their patrons; but once let the practice above referred to gain foothold, and we opine that their speedy downfall will follow. We trust that we may not again have to allude to this matter while writing of any variety theatre in America.

TONY PASTOR is doing a large business at his new theatre, and deservedly so, as he not only has a large and excellent company, but so arranges his engagements that several fresh performers are seen each week. On Nov. 29 these included Kitty Wilson, Murphy and Mack, Tom Granger, and Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman. Kitty Wilson is a pretty little miss just verging into womanhood, with a good figure, which was well displayed in a male suit of bright-colored silk. She performed songs-and-dances so well that she was twice recalled. Murphy and Mack, who made their metropolitan debut, are good representatives of rough Irish characters; and, although they appeared in an old sketch under the new title of "Out All Night," they added fresh zest to it by their vivacious acting and the introduction of considerable new business. Tom Granger met with his accustomed favor in acrobatic songs-and-dances, and imitations of like performances. Harry Watson and Lizzie Sherman gave the same acts as during their recent engagement at another theatre, and they caused much laughter. Jennie Lee, who is engaged here for the season, is a great favorite, and her songs are nightly redemanded. She appears nearly every week in a new toilet of the richest material and latest style. Gus Williams and Tony Pastor in their several specialties are in great favor with the audiences.

E. M. Bowman, one of the best banjoists before the American public, whose performances have been frequently reviewed in these columns; William Courtright, the well-known Ethiopian comedian; and Miss Leona Dare, a skilled and intrepid performer upon the lofty trapeze, were the fresh appearances at the Olympic Theatre on Nov. 29. All were warmly welcomed, and during and at the close of their performances fervid applause attested the satisfaction of the spectators. The Pony Circus continued one of the chief features, and during the performances on Wednesday night an incident occurred which illustrates the high degree of instinct which one of the ponies possesses. It might almost be called reason. In doing the act known as the "Equilibrium," one pony already on the plank, waiting for the other to walk on the other end, evidently noticed that the latter exhibited slight trepidation, and as soon as the last-named stood upon the plank, the pony first referred to walked backward until its weight caused the plank to rise; it then stopped, and the equilibrium then obtained happened to be such that this pony, by simply moving its fore-leg or bending the audience a few inches forward and back, caused the plank to oscillate. Its rider did not touch it with his whip, nor make any motion, nor did the ringmaster, who stood on the other side of it. In fact, all three persons in the ring remained motionless, as the pony which last stepped upon the plank was so restless that it was feared he would step off. The other pony evidently comprehended the situation, and prevented an accident solely by the exercise of its instinct or reason—which? The cold weather affected the attendance somewhat.

AT THE GLOBE THEATRE the attendance increased slightly during the past week. Miss Jennie Lindsey sang ballads quite acceptably; Miss Alice M. Kemp, who reappeared after a short absence, was seen in three distinct costumes of "The Black Crook" type, and made of rich material, while singing topical and other songs, which were liberally applauded. John D. Griffin, in the character of an Irishwoman, sang "Apples and Pears," and did some agile dancing. In response to a recall he appeared as an Irishman, and gave a parody on Hildebrand's song, which was received with boisterous laughter and applause. He also gave evidence of being a skillful jig and reel dancer. Bertie Rhinehart, a little miss of some five years of age, took the audience by surprise by her singing of serio-comic songs. These were all the newcomers.

WE ARE REQUESTED to state that the date of the marriage of George S. Knight and Miss Sophie Worrell was Nov. 22, instead of Nov. 27, as printed in our past issue, and as printed, also, in the record of marriages, published in a daily paper of Nov. 29.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Dr. Von Bulow gave his final pianoforte performances in this city during the past week, rendering a series of selections from his chamber music, in which he had the assistance of Dr. Damrosch and Edward Mollenhauer, violinists; Messrs. Matzka, viola; and Bergner, 'cello; and Miss Thursby, Miss Cronyn and Mr. A. E. Stoddard, vocalists. The programmes of Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings and Saturday matinee were fully up to the usual standard of the former concerts, the most exacting numbers receiving a masterly treatment from the eminent pianist and his co-operators.

.....The last of the subscription series of German operatic performances took place at the Academy of Music during the past week, Wachtel appearing in the principal parts in "Le Postillon de Lonjumeau" on Monday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee, and in "Il Trovatore" on Wednesday, closing an engagement of nearly two months' duration.

.....Mendelssohn's grand oratorio of "Elijah" was presented at Steinway Hall Nov. 29, Miss Emily Butman, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; George Simpson, tenor; A. Scheel, bass; C. Fiorio, organist; and the Centennial Choral Union and orchestra under the directorship of George W. Bristow, being the executants.....A performance was given on Tuesday at the Academy of Music in aid of the German Hospital, at which Wachtel appeared in the role of Geo. Brown in Balfe's opera entitled "The Puritan's Daughter."

.....Musical Miracles" is the title given to Mlle. Rosa D'Erina's entertainments, one of which was given at Chickering Hall on Nov. 30, and in which the fair cantatrice had every opportunity for the display of her versatile musical talent.....Wednesday afternoon's organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity was participated in by Mrs. John Johnston, who was seen in a song and-dance called "The Tom-and-Jerry Twins;" Add Ryman once again mounted the stump and discussed "The School Question" in a humorous manner; Ricardo sang "Dreaming Eyes of Long Ago;" Billy Birch and Charley Backus performed a funny sketch entitled "Two Chaps;" Tom Brown gave a cornet-solo; and the sketch of "Life Uptown" was revived for the finale. Attendance fair.

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"THE NEW LEAH" IN COURT.—MRS. Kate J. B. Crow, nee Kate Bateman, brought a suit against Augustin Daly to restrain the performance of a play called "The New Leah" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre or elsewhere. She avers that Mr. Daly made an English adaptation of the original German drama

C. P. DE GROAT and wife, the latter professionally known as May Preston, have left Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., and their places have been filled by J. R. Speckman and Mrs. J. K. Vernon.

DOLLIE BIDWELL is to join the Boston Comedy Company at Halifax, N. S., Dec. 27, as the star attraction. The company includes the Misses Jessie Howard, manageress; Lutie Page, Jennie Bryant and Nellie Leslie; Messrs. T. H. Burns and T. F. English (comedians), Mark Grayson, Harry Evart, Frank Donald, John Harvey and Leech.

SHERRY'S DRAMATIC CONSTELLATION performed "Led Astray" and "The Two Orphans" at Titusville, Pa., Nov. 29, 30, in a highly satisfactory manner. Route from there: Oil City Dec. 1, 2, Parker's 3, 4, Petrolia 6, 7, St. Petersburg 8, 9, Franklin 10, 11, Meadville 13, 14.

DRAMATIC TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.—At the close of the dedicatory ceremonies, a wreath of flowers with a raven and pendant bells was placed on the monument to Poe in Baltimore, Md. It was a tribute of the Stage, and was placed there in honor and remembrance of Poe's mother and father, who were players. Mrs. G. C. Germon, whose maternal grandparents were professional comrades of the poet's father and mother, was actively instrumental in causing this testimonial to be offered by the ladies and gentlemen of John T. Ford's various dramatic companies.

THE CHARLOTTE THOMPSON COMPANY is billed for Newark, N. J., for one week, commencing Dec. 6.

MRS. RACHEL MACAULEY commenced a star engagement at Cleveland, O., on Nov. 29, and the press of that city publish the following very favorable comments upon the lady's acting.

EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE.—The first appearance of Mrs. Rachel Macauley before a Cleveland audience last evening was an unqualified success. She is by far the most graceful and delicate, and at the same time the most powerful impersonator of the difficult character of Lady Isabel in "East Lynne" that ever appeared in this city. It is a part which, while capable of being invested with wonderful pathos and power, may, on the other hand, be made positively disgusting and repulsive when attempted by a person unsuited to its requirements. The fair stranger, who appeared here for the first time last evening, displayed a degree of emotional power, governed always by a refined taste and good judgment, which brought the counterfeit character so vividly before the audience that the portrayal assumed the intense interest of reality. Lady Isabel in the happiness of her early married life, in the moments when the dark shadows of jealousy first rested upon her brow, in the time of her temptation and her fall, in her repentance, her suffering and her expiation, seemed to appear indeed before the breathless audience, teaching a lesson which the sternest moralist could never succeed in impressing so indelibly upon his pupils. As Mrs. Macauley's exquisite portrayal of the character was fully appreciated last evening was apparent from the first moment of her appearance until the curtain fell upon that touching scene where Lady Isabel regains her broken spirit to its Creator, and was still further indicated by the two enthusiastic calls before the curtain to which she very gracefully responded. We bespeak for her such a reception as her extraordinary powers as an emotional actress entitle her to receive at the hands of a discriminating public.—*Leader*, Nov. 29.

The name of Mrs. Rachel Macauley is not unknown, but her talents have not always, nor her abilities been appreciated, in this community, from the fact that she has only lended her exertions to other latitudes. The introductory drama selected was C. W. Taylcure's adaptation of the story of "East Lynne." We did not expect any servile deviation from the beaten track which so many have followed, but we acknowledge to have been disappointed in Mrs. Macauley's conception of the spirit of the character. Some points are not always to be found at once, and we do not propose to institute any at this time; but justice compels us to award to this lady a place among the foremost of all who have heretofore attempted these dual characters. And there is where the disappointment may be placed; it was so agreeable that it can readily be forgiven. Mrs. Macauley is an quiet, so graceful, and so natural in first scenes; full of love and truthfulness in that love that only the machinations of the invidious adventurer overcomes; but when it does come, the full spirit of woman's jealousy is found most strongly developed. In the latter part the elements of maternal love, of despair, remorse and deep repentance are finely conceived, and so naturally that her pathos overcomes the multitude, and in this she gives us one of the most effective pieces of acting we have had on the stage of the opera-house. Mrs. Macauley has a fine personal appearance, a remarkably pleasing voice, and, what is better, an intelligent and comprehensive idea of the portion of the work she is called upon to do. Her first appearance has been made such a favorable impression that we anticipate a cordial response to the several impersonations that are announced during her stay.—*Daily Herald*, Nov. 30.

EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE.—One of the most complete, finished and elegant entertainments ever given in this city was presented at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, in the presence of a large and brilliant audience That fine and ever fascinating old comedy "The School for Scandal" was chosen by Mrs. Macauley for her benefit night, and well did the event attest the wisdom of her choice. Mrs. Macauley's Lady Teazle was a most bewitching assumption of a charming character. The audience was delighted with her from the first, and was not a little demonstrative in its approval of one of the most pleasing and graceful impersonations of the many in which this lady excels. She was particularly happy in her interviews and "friendly quarrel"—it has been expressed—with Sir Peter in the second act, and also in the screen-scene, which is always a point in the play. We may have had better representations of the character of Lady Teazle than Mrs. Macauley, but they are not found. Mrs. Macauley is now firmly fixed in the favor of our theatre-going public, and may confidently count upon a hearty welcome on future visits.—*Leader*.

EUCLID AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE.—The second appearance of Mrs. Rachel Macauley at the Opera-house last evening attracted an audience much larger than has been usual of late. The more one sees of this accomplished lady on the stage, the more she appreciates and admires her genius. Exquisite taste in every little detail is perhaps one of the best points of her impersonations. She never overdoes anything; but, while careful in this respect, she always comes up to all that is demanded of her, rendering an intensely passionate passage with a power that never fails to bring her audience up to the altitude which she herself occupies mentally. Good judgment in her dress is strikingly displayed in her costumes. She must be mistress of a wardrobe that would delight the heart of a princess. Simple, yet beautiful, and costly have been the selections from it that she has already made since her first appearance here.

MUSICAL.

THE HOLMAN ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE opened in Charleston, S. C., on Nov. 29 in "Girofle-Girofla" to very good business. Nov. 30 "The Bohemian Girl" was given, and Dec. 1 "The Grand Duchess." Miss Sallie Holman amply repaid these who braved the weather on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and they were not a few. A word of praise is due Mr. Brazier for the tenor, Miss Julia Holman rendered able assistance, as did Mr. Ryse the basso, and, in fact, the entire company. They close 4, and then go to Savannah, Ga., 6, 7, Macon 8, Atlanta 9, 10, 11, Athens 13, 14, Augusta 15, 16, Columbia, S. C., 17, 18, Charlotte, N. C., 20, Greensboro 21, Danville, Va., 22, Petersburg 23..., W. E. Elliott, agent of Adelaide Phillipps' Italian-opera Company, and Robert Filkins, agent of Haverly's Minstrels, are in the city, preparing for the advent of their respective companies. Letter of Dec. 2.

CHARLES LITTLE, leader of orchestra, is requested to communicate with E. S. Washburn, as per route in another department.

ROE STEPHENS, music publisher, announces the sixth edition, just issued, of the serio-comic song "U. S. Mail." See card for price, etc.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE the Old Home," a new song and chorus, words and music by Frank Dumont, and the arrangement by Jas. E. Stewart, has just been published by J. L. Peters, New York. Sid. C. France, comedian, sings it in his drama "Marked for Life." The melody is of a plaintive character, while the arrangement for the chorus is in keeping with the theme of the song.

A TENOR VOCALIST is wanted for Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels. See advertisement.

FREDERICK BLUME advertises the titles of several songs published by him.

CHAS. YARGER, second violin and alto player, whose address first elsewhere, wants an engagement.

VIOLIN AND PIANO MUSIC in manuscript can be had of Geo. A. Fiorance, who can be addressed care of this office. Mr. Florance is now traveling with the Susan Denin Combination, and publishes several complimentary press notices in our business department.

IGNATZ STRATTNER, band-leader, states that the SIX Brothers' Band can be engaged for next season. His address and further particulars are published in another column.

THE ALLEGHANIANS, vocalists, Swiss bellringers, "Heliocon" Band, etc., closed a continued traveling season of nineteen months duration Nov. 1 at Fremont, Neb. The company have visited North British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon, California, and the Middle Territories east and west of the Rocky Mountains. They will rest for a while, and then reorganize, with the intention of sailing for the West Indies and Brazil, crossing the Andes to Chili, and thence up the Pacific coast, which route they took with great success a few years ago.

PROF. N. GOODALL, Jr., solo violinist, assisted by E. A. Tilton, pianist, can be engaged by addressing as per card. Prof. Goodall performed at the band festival at Rye Centre, N. H., Dec. 14.

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THE EVANGELINE OPERA TROUPE, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., continued for a second week, but closed Dec. 4. "The Grand Duchess" was presented up to Thursday evening, when "La Belle Helene" was substituted.....Gilmore appears at the Boston Theatre Dec. 6, and in Music Hall Dec. 7, 8, 9, 10.

THE KELLOGG English-opera Company, during the second and last week of their season at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, appeared in "Faust," "Martha," "The Lily of Killarney," "The Marriage of Figaro," "The Talisman," "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana," attracting good audiences. In "The Lily of Killarney," which follows faithfully the story of "The Colleen Bawn," Miss Kellogg sang the music allotted to the role of Eily O'Connor with exquisite taste, and Miss Beaumont ably seconded her in the part of Ann Chute.

THE ART MALE SINGING SOCIETY of Philadelphia, gave their first concert this season on the 4th of Dec., at Musical Fund Hall, in that city, the choruses being under the direction of Prof. Hugh A. Clark.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB concertized at Bridgeport, Ct., Dec. 3 to a large audience.....Redpath's Opera Company in "L'Ombre" (the Spectre) are to appear 9th.....Wheeler and Wilson's Band give one grand concert 14th.

THE ORATORIO OF "BELSHAZZAR" will be produced at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 13, 17, under the management of Alexander Barnes, with local talent in the cast.

FRED TILLOTSON, second violinist and solo-alto player, advertises for an engagement.

THE KELLOGG OPERA TROUPE open at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, on the 8th inst., for four days.

MISS JOSIE JOSIS of Cincinnati is the young lady professionally known as Josephine Yorke, who has met with great success in London as a member of the Carl Rosa Troupe.

HANS VON BULOW is to perform at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 6, 10, and matinee 11.

MLLE. UTTINI is announced to sing at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 6, 11.

A PIANIST and vocalist is wanted by J. J. Granbaur, who advertises.

HANS VON BULOW, assisted by Miss Lizzie Cronin, will appear in concerts Dec. 7, 9, at Washington, D. C.

MLLE. THERESE TITIENS, assisted by the Philharmonic Society of Washington, D. C., will sing in the oratorio of "The Creation" Dec. 10.

THEODORE THOMAS' orchestra will concertize in Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 15.

THEO. JACKSON, basso, desires an engagement with a minstrel, variety or concert troupe. See card.

VARIETY HALLS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC.—Our patrons will please bear in mind that the forms for the CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876 will be closed Dec. 18, and advertisements should be sent in as early as possible. For terms etc., see notice in our business department.

THE B'ULTON BROTHERS—Frank and Lew—in their gymnastic feats, including the flying L'Escholle, double-trapeze and horizontal-bar acts, are open for engagements. They can be addressed care of this office.

OSWALD BROTHERS, gymnasts and acrobats, have been most favorably noticed in their specialties by the Troy, N. Y., press, extracts from which they publish in their card elsewhere. They are at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 6, and can be addressed care of this office.

SUICIDE.—John H. W. Byrne went to the Central Hotel in Oneonta, N. Y., on Nov. 27, and engaged a room, remarking that he intended giving a performance there within a few days. About three o'clock in the afternoon of that day he complained of feeling unwell, and remarked that he would go up to his room and lie down for a time. He did not go down to supper, nor to breakfast on Sunday morning. The clerk of the hotel went up to see him, and found him still feeling unwell. He said that he often suffered that way for several days at a time, and did not need a doctor. He remained in bed until Dec. 1, when he was found dead by the porter, who went into his room for the purpose of fixing his fire. By the side of his bed was found a small bottle, supposed to have contained laudanum, but subsequent investigation proved that it contained creosote. Upon searching his trunks, of which he had three, they were found to contain clothing, wardrobe, music, musical instruments, and a large amount of magical apparatus to the value of some $300, and about $90 in money. In his pocket were found letters, one addressed to his brother, Charles A. Byrne; but no further address was given; another addressed simply Carrie. No further evidence could be found as to where he belonged or where he came from, save that on his envelopes was printed "Permanent address, CLIPPER OFFICE, New York." Programmes were found in his trunk, showing that he had traveled with a gentleman named George Garland, and that he had performed at Fox's Germania, Scranton, Pa. His remains were taken in charge by M. Geary, undertaker. Messrs. Lewis & Allen, proprietors of the hotel, have charge of his personal effects, which will be delivered to his relatives upon proper proof of their identity.

MILLIGAN AND LINCOLN, eccentric acrobatic song and-dance and clog artists, can be addressed care of this office.

JOLLY TOM ELLIS, comic singer, can be addressed for terms and dates as per card.

H. K. MOORE, comedian, desires to open a correspondence with several serio-comic vocalists and others. See card.

BILLY BANFORD, end-man, bone-soloist, etc., wants an engagement. See card.

MANAGERS can secure Dr. S. M. Landis, to produce his play of "The Fiend," by addressing as per advertisement.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Arcade Varieties, New York. See card.

NIBLO'S Pantomime and Specialty Troupe, together with the Harland Brothers, acrobats, etc., is advertised in another department.

SMASH UP.—While Washburn's Last Sensation Troupe was making a street parade in Cohoes, N. Y., Nov 27, a runaway team ran into the rear of their drawing the band-wagon, and, passing between the leaders, threw one of the pole-horses to the ground, severely injuring him. The wagon was nearly overturned, and the musicians became panic-stricken, and several of their instruments were injured. The damage will exceed, it is said, $150.

THE THREE ARNOLD BROTHERS—Frank, William and Amos—Miss May Marshall, Murphy and Shannon, Mons. Fredericks, Little Pauline and her pony, Western and Walling, and Geo. France and dogs were the fresh attractions at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 29. Each and every one were well received in a triple clog-dance. Miss Marshall sings fairly, and the Dutch songs and-dances of Murphy and Shannon were heartily encored. The globe performances of Mons. Fredericks are novel and a safe feature. Little Pauline and pony were taken off after the first night. The specialties of Western and Walling were very cleverly rendered, and considerable favor was accorded them. The entertainment concluded with Frank Dumont's three-act drama of "Wide Awake," with Geo. France and Little Dogs in roles, and variety people in other characters. Business somewhat diminished. On Dec. 6, Satsums, Little All Right, Harper and Stansill, Charles Arizona, and the Carter Brothers are to appear. Letter of Dec. 3.

ALLEN'S THEATRE, Cheyenne, W. T., was purchased and opened on Nov. 27 by Tom Miller and John Babb, the latter formerly proprietor of the Canterbury, Denver, Col., Mr. Miller disposing of his Bella Union for the purpose of entering into partnership with Mr Babb in this enterprise. The late Allen's Theatre will hereafter be known as The Bella Union. Crowded houses are the result of the change..... McDaniels is doing nicely with his new variety company, and is constantly adding new attractions, the latest being Miss McCain of the Lenton and Ware Troupe, and the Sheridan Brothers, song-and-dance, from Frisco.

THE PARK THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., is now open, under the management of W. H. Levy, with Frank Harrington as director of amusements and advertiser. Artists of ability desiring engagements are requested to address as per card.

FOUR NEW PEOPLE appeared at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., Nov. 29, big business being still the report. Archie White and Ella Esmond did a neat song-and-dance. Cincinnatus gave a repetition of last season's acts. Ella Davis is quite handsome, both in figure and face, and made a hit in her ballads. Closing Ella Hadley, Clyde and Ella Saunders, Leon Whitiony for Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dan Mason, Toledo; Minnie Rainforth, Cleveland. For 6 we are to have Emma Bretto, Clara Sidell, Harry Gardner, Marie Rochelle, the St. Felix Ballet Troupe, Adams and Ranson, Georgia May and La Petite Florence. Letter of Dec. 4.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, an excellent programme was given during the past week, with the result of the usual succession of large audiences. The new faces are Harry Macarthy, a very clever comedian and vocalist, who made a decided hit in his well-sustained character songs, and Saksuma and All Right, who in their marvelous acrobatic and balancing feats were also loudly applauded. The Boissetts in their aerial acts were very fine, and the concluding drama of "The Reprobate of Paris" saved G. W. Thompson an opportunity to display some excellent acting in the title-role. The Beissetts, Satsuma and Little All Right, Miss Polly Daly, Miss Minnie Hall, and Col. Page closed on Dec. 4. Billy Pastor, Miss Edna Markley, A. W. Sawyer, W. Henry Rice, and Masters Bobbie and Bannie Daly open Dec. 6.

FRED J. MACKLEY in his clever comic vocalism opened at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, Nov. 29, and created a favorable impression. Miss Jennie Girolli in her vocalism was likewise well received.

MISS SALLIE PARTINGTON, Joseph Herman, W. H. Davis, George W. Murray, Little Lillian, Mlle. Salina, Grace Monroe and Kate Morris were the new faces at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, during the week ending Dec. 4. The drama of "Nevada Kate" favorably introduced Miss Sallie Partington, Joseph Herman and W. H. Davis in their respective parts. Specialties were by Kate Eagle Feather and Rothland. George W. Murray was very amusing in the act of "The Baby Elephant," and the songs-and-dances of Mlle. Salina, and the vocalism of Grace Monroe, Kate Morris and Little Lillian were also favorably received. Miss Ione Lang, Miss Clara Moore and Master Minnie Lee commence on Dec. 6. Attendance good the past week.

MISS ANNIE BRADDON and the Victorellis were the new arrivals at the Vaudeville, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 29. The Victorellis—Harry and Little Eldon—gained repeated applause for their fine trapeze act. No departures 4, no definite arrivals 6.

AT THE DONCON VARIETY THEATRE, Newark, N. J., the new faces on Nov. 29 were the Claire Sisters (Minnie and Maggie), who were seen to good advantage in their contortion act, and later in the evening Maggie performed some very fine feats on the flying-rings, all of which elicited generous applause. Closures 4: Lew Spencer and Lulu Delmay, to Portland; John Williams, to Stetson's, Boston; the Barlow Brothers, to the Grand Central, Troy; and Winona Bridges. To open 6: Martha Wren and James Collins, Conway and Kerrigan, and Sam Martin, single-legged song-and-dance..... The new people at the Metropolitan Nov. 29 were Miss Kate O'Connor and G. B. Harcourt, Pettit and White, the Ifford Sisters and James Messinger. Kate O'Connor and G. B. Harcourt were both in good voice, and were enthusiastically encored for the excellent rendition of several songs. Pettit and White, two first-class song-and-dance artists, were repaid for their efforts by nightly recalls. The Ifford Sisters proved themselves a card: the change in the business of Celia from serio-comic vocalist to male character is an improvement; her wardrobe is fine, voice good, impersonations true to nature, and style "nobby." James Messinger gave satisfaction in his cannon-ball manipulations. May Hamilton failed to connect, but gave satisfactory reason therefor. The announcement of Mlle. Zittella was premature, some delay in the mails causing misunderstanding. Bis keeps good. Departures 4: Charles Mills and Frankie Johnson, to Paterson; Jas. Messenger, to New York; and Pettit and White, no engagement. Underlined for 6: the Levanion Brothers. Annie Hindle, Adelaide Stewart, and Homer and Holly. Worden and Mack open in Rochester, N. Y., 6. Advices of Dec. 4.

JOHN LESLIE and Frank Avery, having formed a copartnership, will hereafter be known as Leslie and Avery, acrobats and gymnasts. John Leslie notifies the profession, in a card elsewhere, that he has no connection with the party formerly known as "The Leslies."

VARIETY artists and a good company are wanted for the holiday season, commencing Dec. 25, at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Md. Address R. M. Reid, as per advertisement.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION appears at Troy, N. Y., Dec. 6, Pittsfield 10, Warwick 11, Goshen 13, Middletown 14, Port Jervis 15, Susquehanna Depot, Pa., 16, Carbondale 17, Scranton 18. Business is reported good.

AT THE ROTUNDA MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., there has been no change, but on Monday, Dec. 6, a female-minstrel scene will be introduced, with four end-men and two middle-men.....Beethoven Hall this week will be occupied by what is called "Our Musical Party," in which are included Geo. R. Austin, banjoist; Harry Pierson, prima-donna; Wm. H. Reynolds, Dutch comique; Billy Shepard, song-and-dance; Williams and McCarthy, Irish sketch artists; and P. O. Rust, character vocalist.

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS is sent as follows by our correspondent on Dec. 3: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances on Nov. 29 were Emily Prior, a vocalist of good voice and cultivation, whose style has proved almost too polished for the gamins of the gallery; Edwin Falling, juggler, whose feats were fair; and Baker and Doyle, a clever brace of song-and-dance performers. Lottie Grant, J. H. Larkins, Carrie Armstrong, and an extravaganza founded on the Beecher scandal, completed the olio. The main part of the programme has consisted of J. J. McCloskey's drama of 'Pomp,' with Harry Clifford in the title-role, supported by James Douglass, Somers Lowery, W. Franklin, G. W. Kirk, John Foster, Helen Coleman, Alice Leicester, and others. The piece was well played and tolerably put on. Tom Allen and Prof. Donnelly are to spar to-morrow. The departures to-morrow will be Harry Clifford and Lottie Grant, for Louisville; Edwin Falling, for Cleveland; J. H. Larkins and Carrie Armstrong. The new appearances on the 6th will be Alice Placide in 'Held at Bay;' Miles and Evans, Jacob Eiley, and Charles T. Ellis. On the 13th, Charlotte Stanley in 'Crime'.....At the Grand Central Theatre things seem to have picked up under Mr. Leon's management, business being steadily on the increase. The newcomers this week have been the Robinson Family, Walter Wentworth, and Ada Lawrence. The Robinsons consist of two young ladies, Lizzie and Nellie, and Master Dick, and they have made quite a hit in their specialties, which consist of ballads and songs-and-dances. In the latter they accompany themselves on violin, banjo and tambourine. Wentworth, the well-known contortionist, seems supple as ever, and Miss Lawrence has made a fair impression as a vocalist. The Leon Family, Billy Mendel, Billy Ford, Charley Boyd, Harry Osborn, Annie Clark, Annie De Lorme, Clara Stanley and Agnes Hawthorne constitute the rest of the company. Departures 4: Robinson Family, for Toledo; and Billy Ford. Announced for the 6th: Frank Devere and J. W. Lewis."

FIRE.—The Washington Hall, late Theatre Comique, Wheeling, W. Va., and temporarily occupied by the House of Delegates of that State during the construction of the new Capitol buildings, was burned on Nov. 30, the fire being caused by a defective flue. The house was built by a company of gentlemen, under the title of the Washington Hall Association, in 1851-2, and was first opened upon the occasion of a grand banquet given by the B. O. R. to the citizens of Wheeling upon the completion of their road from Baltimore to Wheeling. Since its completion, and up to the Fall of 1873, it was used as the only first-class theatre in the city. It had been leased for short seasons to Managers D. Hanchett, John T. Raymond, Alexander Zanfretta, S. W. Glean, McKean Buchanan, Miss Annie Sefton and others. Dupree & Benedict's Minstrels being the last troupe that appeared in the theatre. The building was three stories high, the first story having been occupied as storerooms, the second as the theatre, the third by the Masonic fraternity, who owned the portion occupied by them, having bought it from the Association after it was built. The loss is near $60,000, which amount only $15,000 is covered by insurance. Several persons were injured, and one killed, by the falling floors. The hall is to be rebuilt.

FOSTELLE AND RUDGY, the Kine Brothers, and the Cawthorne Children were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., on Nov. 28, wrote our correspondent under date of Dec. 3, continuing: "The Cawthorne Children did a sketch which was loudly applauded. The Kine Brothers gave satisfaction in their musical act, their manipulations upon the tambourine being quite a feature. The act of Fostelle and Rudgy was rather tame, the only redeeming feature being the excellent ballet-dancing of Mr. Fostelle. Mme. Lola, trapeze artist, was billed to appear, but did not do so. The 'Big 2 and 2 More' of Delehanty, Cummins, Hurley and Marr looked very much like an imitation of the original of the 'Big 4.' The departures Dec. 4 will be Burton Stanley, who joins the Peak Family; Hurley and Marr, to Chicago; and Burt Clark. Frankie Christie, dancer, and Mons. Leo, trapezist, open 5.

.....Lulu Le Marre, who appeared in a series of classical tableaux at the Comique, is an accomplished song-and-dance man of merit; and Herr Eugene, who broke large pieces of stone with his bare hand, and finished his act by having an immense rock, placed on his breast, split in two with a sledge-hammer, were the fresh arrivals at Deagle's on Nov. 28. George Mitchell and Dick Turner introduced the trained horse Wonder in the afterpiece. Tonight (3) Manager Deagle takes a benefit, when, in conjunction with the regular company, a host of volunteers will appear. Herr Eugene closed 4. Announcements for the 5th are Ed. Monta, Mlle. Carrollton, Young Apollo, Thos. Hyde, Williams Jasper's Troupe, and Frank Jones in the drama of 'The Black Hand.'.....Elwood and Auberton, song-and-dance, opened at Looney's Varieties Nov. 28. Wm. O. Allen has withdrawn from the management of this house, and the same is now sole proprietor."

BURNHAM & SMITH'S Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., remains good. The Stuart Sisters, who are favorites in their specialties, were the only new faces on Nov. 29. Dec. 9 the Perry Brothers, Lydia Ross and Della Wallace close, destination unknown; Laura Bell closes same date, going to Cleveland. The Bennetts—Frank and Eva—Dan Cooley, Healey and Clapp, Miss Ella Saunders and Ella Stuart are announced to open Dec. 9.

BARNEY MCNULTY and Fattie Stewart remain another week at the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y., closing 11. Prof. Bonner and Dan Bryant, Billy Manly, and Morton left 4 for New York; and Lew Mortimer for Hartford. The week ending 4 was the lightest of the season, the weather being intensely cold. Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Phelps go over to the Olympic 13. For the week ending 11 the newcomers are to be Pastelle and Rudgy, Cawthorne Children, Barlow Brothers. Our correspondent, writing on Dec. 5, says: "An eccentric, foppish tailor of the town named Scott, familiarly known here as 'Duke D'O'Neil, is engaged to deliver a lecture on 'Women' 6, 7, 8, and matinee 11. If the boys permit him to speak his allotted fifteen minutes the treat will be both instructive. Washburne's Last Sensation show here 9. The horses, eleven in number, have been farmed out in a small town hard by, at one dollar per head per week, the man caring for them to be boarded free. How's this for hard times in Troy?.....The Olympic is announced to open Dec. 13. Ned Goss will be stage-manager; Ned Straight, leader of orchestra. George Clark, interlocutor and straight man; Mollie Phelps, soubrette; and A. R. Phelps, business-manager. Goss and Fox are to be the first stars. The place has been refitted, is in a good location, and admirably adapted for cold or hot weather occupancy. Smoking and drinking allowed."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a splendid business during the past week. The new appearances of the week were Wm. Henry Rice, Maggie Gray, the Metropolitan ballet, and Frank H. Nelson, the latter appearing in his sensational drama of "Lost, or Out in the World," The departures Dec. 4 were the Poole Brothers, W. Henry Rice, no immediate engagements; the Metropolitan ballet troupe and Ella Mayo, to the Central Theatre, Baltimore; Maggie Gray, no engagement; Frank H. Langdon in "Wrestling Joe," the Langlois Brothers, Blanche Selwyn, Jennie Sothern, Ben Guilfoil, Alonzo Schwartz and Alf. McDowell.....The Avenue Theatre was closed Dec. 4. All the performers were paid up to date of closing. Manager Isaac Pennypacker, Down's agent, closed the showman's life, and, being engaged in other business, could not well devote the attention to it that it required, so felt constrained to give up the one that least suited him. No reason appears to have existed why the place should have been closed, as it was paying expenses every night. Letter of Dec. 4.

A. FISCHER requests John Sims, formerly in the variety business, to address him as per card.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., continues to be a favorite place of amusement, the auditorium being crowded nightly. The arrivals on Nov. 29 were Ella Davis and the troupe of trained dogs; Hall and Thompson, acrobatic song-and-dance; and Miss Nell West, serio-comic vocalist, who has improved wonderfully since her last appearance at this house. Master Laselle, who fell from the trapeze at this place some time ago, and received a concussion of the brain is a very treacherous ailment, there is no telling whether he will recover or not; yet it is supposed he will. The departures Dec. 4 are J. L. Davis and Miss Nell West, to Adelphi Theatre, Chicago; and Georgia May and La Petite Florence, to Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich. To open 6: Adelphi Theatre, Toledo, O., closed Dec. 4 for two weeks, to undergo painting and frescoing, the interior never having been entirely finished. The St. Felix Children go to Detroit, Griffin and Rice to Chicago, Maud Sheppard to Grand Rapids, Emma Bretto to Detroit, Joseph Arthur to Troy, N. Y., and the Nunn Bros. to Milwaukee.....At the Theatre Comique Niles and Evans opened Nov. 29 in songs-and-dances. Alice D'Erina and John T. Kelley commenced Dec. 2 in Irish specialties, and all were well received. The Waite Sisters had a benefit Dec. 3, a full house being in attendance. They close 4, and go to Buffalo; Niles and Evans also close, going to Cincinnati. The Robinson Family—Lizzie, Nellie and Little Dick—and Mr. and Mrs. Haffner open 6.....At the Atlantic Garden Billy and Maggie Ray and Miss Lizzie Delmar were the new arrivals Dec. 29. The Rays are old favorites here, and took well. Miss Delmar sang serio-comic songs. Letter of Dec. 4.

THE METROPOLITAN, Randolph and Clinton streets, Chicago, Ill., will be opened by Messrs. Harrison & Davies Dec. 13, and first-class artists are advertised for.

PERFORMERS, especially ladies, are wanted at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, O. See card.

THE [illegible] THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., the [illegible] company on Nov. 29 were [illegible] Lucy Adams, who appeared in a musical sketch; Alonzo Schwartz, Teutonic comedian; Mollie Wilson, a petite and sprightly vocalist; and Milton Nobles, W. H. Langdon and Fannie Burt, who assumed characters in "Jim Bludsoe," which was put upon the stage in a creditable manner, with other characters by H. W. Eagan, J. M. Bradford, W. H. Bent, Dan Collyer, Minnie Jackson, Amelia Gorenflo and Rosie Lloyd. The departures Dec. 4 were Alonzo Schwartz, no engagement; Milton Nobles, who opens at the Grand Central, Philadelphia, Dec. 13; W. H. Langdon to the Comique, Washington, D. C., and Fannie Burt, to Philadelphia. Announcements for the present week: William Devere and Frank Howe in the drama of 'Jonquin;' Miss Fannie Burt, who will appear in apple from the head of Adelaide Pinkney), Annie Hall, Billy Hart, Ella Mayo, Irwin Thomas and the Metropolitan Ballet Troupe.....Sallie St. Clair, song-and-dance lady, and Jennie Eagan and Josie Farron, who executed clever fancy dances, were the arrivals at the Odeon on Nov. 29. The departures are Mlle. Zephy, to the Grand Central, Richmond, Va.; Kitty Rowell and the Carter Brothers, to Pittsburg; and Johnny Bartley. For Dec. 6, Clara Belmont, George Derious, Lizzie Derious, Fanny Davenport, Harry Woodson, and Goldie and Barry are announced.....The Centennial Varieties is no more. The managers very tersely say that they thought closing preferable to playing to empty benches; and they were quite correct. Letter dated Dec. 5.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Harry Fenner, Dutch Comedian, opened Nov. 29. He shows considerable improvement since his last engagement, and is mightily the recipient of numerous encores. Sadie St. Clair, serio-comic, appeared Dec. 1, and showed to advantage in both singing and dressing. W. V. Malmburg, stage-manager, and Emma Gertrude, dancer, were married at the Monumental Church (where the old Richmond Theatre, destroyed by fire in 1811, once stood), by the Rev. Dr. Woolbridge, Saturday, A. M., Dec. 4. Henry Delave and Sadie St. Clair officiated as groomsman and bridesmaid. Business has been unusually good, owing to the meeting of the Virginia Legislature.....Business continued good at the Grand Central Varieties. Agreeably to engagement, Sadie St. Clair opened Nov. 29, and appeared the following evening; but, owing to a misunderstanding with the managers, closed Dec. 1, and opened at the Theatre Comique. Harry Jefferson received a benefit 3. Advices of Dec. 5.

MILTON NOBLES is to commence an engagement of two weeks at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 13.

MLLE. ZELLA CELESTE and Frank Monroe, trapeze artists, who can be addressed through E. W. Woolcott & Co., their agents, for open dates.

THE ATTENDANCE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week was good. Jennie Engle, whose vocalisms were loudly applauded; Ben Cotton, and the Æolian Trio were the only fresh appearances Nov. 29. All were well received. The departures Dec. 5 were Signor Francis, Lulu Richmond, the Æolian Trio, Ed. Murray and Alice Ross, and Ben Cotton. For this week the following are billed: The Whittinghams, Wesley and Casey, McKee and Rogers, Harris and Carroll, Miss Fannie Archer, and James Kelly.

LOUIS LESLIE, Sam Rinehart and Fred Leslie, acrobats, leapers, etc., can be engaged for variety theatres or for the circus tenting season, with Mr. Rinehart as first clown. See advertisement.

MUSIC HALL, Portland, Me., is to be open as a variety theatre Dec. 6, to be known as "The Adelphi." The manager is W. W. Larrabee; stage-manager, J. H. Cooke; treasurer, Chas. H. Newell; leader of orchestra, Will W. Starbuard. The company announced comprises the following: Lulu Delmay, Fanny Montague, the Lavarnies—Frank and Carrie—Huber and Glidden, Conway and Mack, Emil Goroux, Hank White, Willis Pickert, and Lew Spencer.

J. H. GRAHAM, lightning change-artist, publishes in this issue a complimentary notice of his performances in this city from the local press. Managers can address him for dates as per card.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Troy, N. Y., opens Dec. 13. Talent in all branches of the profession is wanted.

JOHN LE CLAIR, gymnast, etc., has the weeks commencing Dec. 13 and 27 still open. He begins an engagement at the Tony Pastor's Theatre Dec. 20, and can be addressed as per advertisement for open dates.

EMERSON AND CLARK, eccentric song-and-dance artists, open at the Grand Central Theatre, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 27. A list of dates can be found in their card in this issue.

HARRY CLIFFORD in the drama of "Lightning Bob," and Lottie Grant, serio comic vocalist, open at Shelby's Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 20.

THE COMPANY of the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., assembled on the stage on Thursday last, and agreed with the manager that the theatre should be henceforth run on the commonwealth plan. We are informed that the falling-off of business, and difficulties having arisen, rendered this course necessary. The company suggested that a former business-manager of Mr. Sinn's should take charge of the general interests of the establishment, but the manager objected, on the ground that the desired appointment of R. M. Reid evinced a lack of confidence in his management. The manager and company came to an understanding, and a truce was declared until Thursday next.

LAURA ALDENTA, while performing at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on the evening of Nov. 30, so seriously injured one of her lower limbs that it is thought that she will be unable to dance for some weeks to come. She closed her engagement that night.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., the management returned during the past week to the previous style of vaudeville olio entertainments, and Mr. Stewart's company bought seven horses at $400 each. The composition of the new company consisted of the "Star Comique Jeppe" in vocal solos, and afterwards in duets with Fanny Delano; John Le Clair in equilibrist exercises; Kirk and Drew in songs-and-dances; Ala in a clever trapeze act; Rogers, Harris and Carroll, Miss Fannie Archer in Dutch specialties, singing "Pull Down the Shade" and "Rudolph Schtinglebrass;" Mons. and Mme. D'Omer in their sword feats and assault-at-arms with boxing-gloves; the performance commencing with the farce of "The Coming Man" and concluding with the drama entitled "The Child-stealer." Departures Dec. 4: Ala and Sam Devere, to Tony Pastor's, New York; John Le Clair, unknown; Commodore Nutt, Globe Theatre, New York; Jeppe, Fanny Delano, Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, Kirk and Drew, no

TERMS.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.
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